THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 7, 1934

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The BYSTANDER

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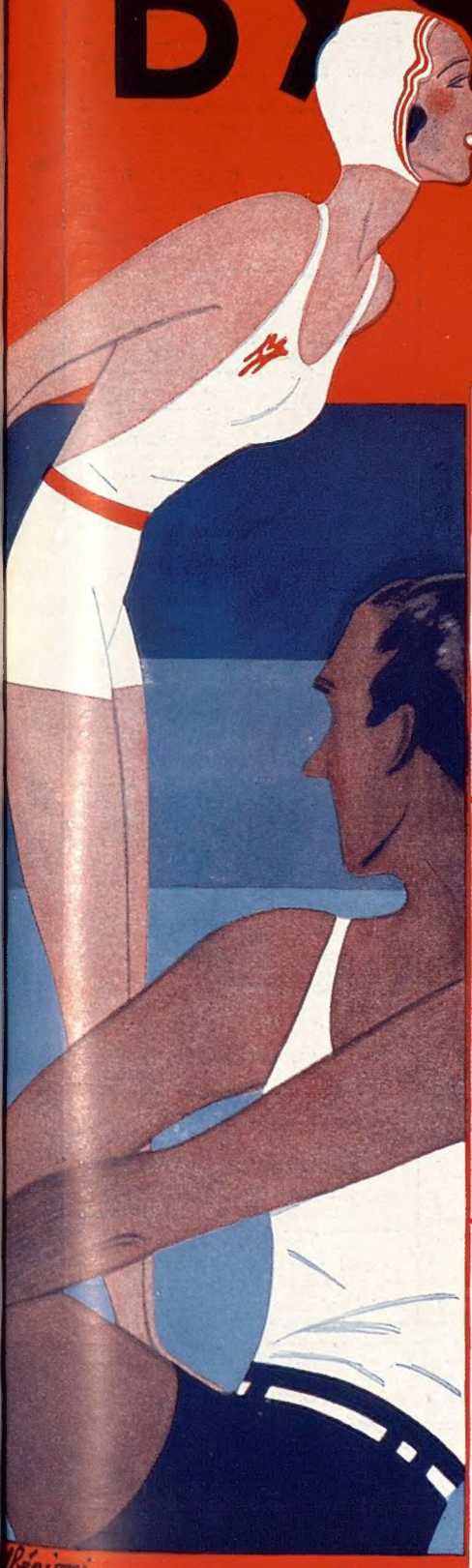

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

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when replying to their announcements

The Bystander, August 7, 1934

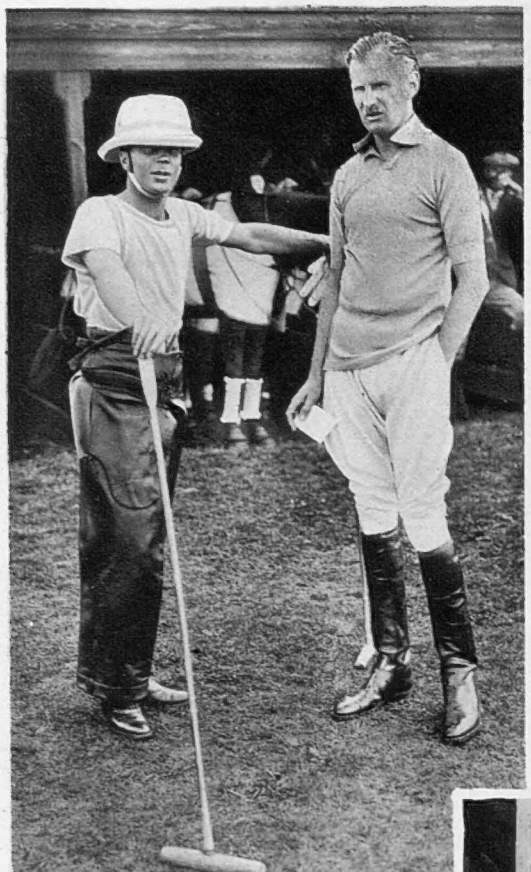
No. 1599. Vol. CXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

Sasha

VERA ZORINA

Two pictures, one in action and the other in repose, of this beautiful Russian dancer, who was one of the talented company performing for our delight at Covent Garden, where the Ballets Russes season ends next Saturday. Vera Zorina was previously known to the public as Brigitta, and her dancing in "Ballerina," at the Gaiety Theatre, under that name will be remembered



A Contrast in Kit

Mr. Denzil Holder wearing leather chaps over ordinary riding breeches, due to his kit having been mislaid at the Beaufort Club Finals at Norton, near Malmesbury. Seen with him is Captain F. F. Spicer

A Wedding at Woodcote

Swaebe

Mr. Michael Fleming, youngest son of the late Major Valentine Fleming, M.P., and Mrs. Valentine Fleming, photographed after his marriage to Miss Letitia Borthwick, elder daughter of the Hon. Algernon and Mrs. Borthwick. The two bridesmaids are Miss Rachel Borthwick and Miss Vivien Baker, and the young attendant is Miss Amaryllis Fleming

Above, right: Mr. Peter Fleming, the well-known author of "Brazilian Adventure," who was best man at his brother's wedding, and Miss L. Herman Hodge

The Chetwode-Bailey Wedding

Mr. John Chetwode, elder son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. George Chetwode, and Miss Joan Bailey, daughter of Lt.-Col. F. G. Bailey and Lady Janet Bailey, and a niece of Lord and Lady Inchcape, at the church porch after their wedding, which was solemnised at the village church of Middle Woodford, near Salisbury

Sir Stuart Fraser and Miss Fraser, two of the guests at the wedding of Miss Joan Bailey to Mr. John Chetwode. Further exclusive photos of the guests are on page 252

All Aboard

Mrs. de Selincourt, Mr. de Selincourt, Ogilvie, Miss Hermione Cree, board Mr. de Selincourt's auxiliary

Roundabout

Away from Bricks and Mortar

Swaebe

Right: Miss Virginia Barnato, one of this year's débutantes, crossing the bridge over the mill-stream at the meet of the Crowhurst Otter Hounds at Chiddingstone

Chasing the Otter at Chiddingstone

The Season in the Sunny South

Madame René d'Estainville, formerly Miss Rita Redhead, cousin of Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, at Monte Carlo. Her husband is the French sportsman and champion "bobber"

the "Arlette"

Miss Diana March-Phillipps, Mr. David and the Hon. Mrs. Mathew-Arthur on yawl "Arlette," cruising in the Solent

Congregating at Cowes for the Regatta

Lord Inverforth going ashore at Cowes from the s.y. "Venetia." He is seen walking with Dr. Montgomerie. Both of them are well-known figures in yachting circles

General Fitzpatrick and Miss Fitzpatrick, two more visitors to the regatta. An article on Cowes Week, written by Lady Alexandra Haig, is on pages 234-5

The Season in the South

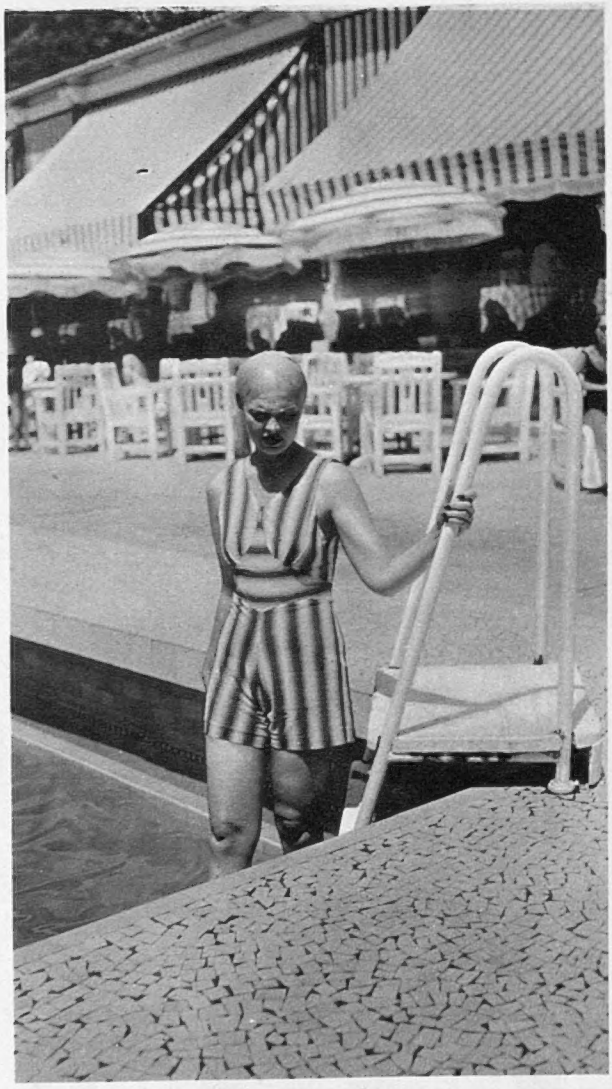
Monte Carlo's Entertainers and Entertained

Georgie Hale, seen in the centre with the lovely girls of Felix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies of 1934

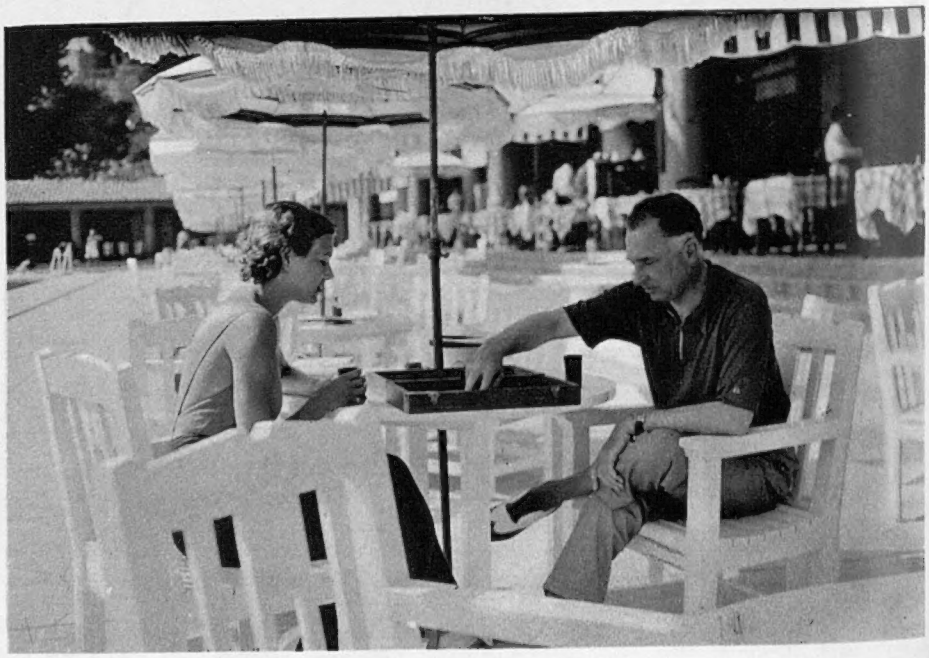
Above: Mrs. Walter Russell, a well-known figure in the American colony in Paris

Left: Miss Joan Buckmaster, daughter of "Buck" and Lady (Neville) Pearson, a guest of Mrs. Violet Miller at Monte Carlo

Below: Mr. Frazier Jelke, the American who entertains so lavishly, seen playing back-gammon with Miss Selma Freeman



Mrs. Johnnie Wanamaker, wife of the American millionaire, in one of her multitudinous swimming costumes. The one shown is an effective affair in black and white and the cap sunshine yellow



CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 62. The Rt. Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

THE new Minister of Transport does not look as though he has ever done the hundred yards in a fraction over ten seconds, or played wing three-quarter for his college. But he has, and at Oxford, where we were up together, he was only beaten by Tabor and Southee, who represented South Africa and Australia, in the 100. He has been sprinting fast (and alone) ever since. For he is in no hurry to marry. Instead, he takes pride in disposing of the theory that a wife is a necessity to a politician. Besides, he has a wonderful mother.

ANOTHER of his exploits at St. John's, Oxford, was to pass one of his papers in Law Prelim. without reading a single book on the subject—La cité antique. He got a scholar to tell him all about it the night before—and passed with flying colours. Incidentally, the scholar himself was ploughed. Always fond of aristocratic old furniture, Hore-Belisha had Prince Rupert's rooms at Oxford refurnished, and was a member of the King Charles Club. He was also President of the Union, but that never did or will amount to anything. Always fond of exquisite things, he once asked an affected host who enquired what he would like to eat, for "ortolans and odalisques." Always fond of history, he has read all Greek literature, as purveyed by Mr. Loeb, and most of the Roman, and thus realises that it is silly to get excited when everything possible has already happened in the past. His favourite author is Herodotus. He has read two prefaces by Bernard Shaw, nothing by Somerset Maugham, and two lines by H. G. Wells (because they were about himself).

BEING a professional politician, he has no dislikes. What he likes to do is nothing—tasting it occasionally like an exquisite liqueur. He is forty years old, never goes out at night, lunches, when possible, in his office off cheese and a tomato salad, does his best work at 3 a.m., only enjoys really good food if he is with people who can talk about it, has (in Miss Sloane) the best secretary in Whitehall, lives at the Reform Club like a good bachelor, is an honorary Colonel of the 23rd Wessex Divisional R.A.S.C., was educated at Clifton, and is the son of Sir Albert Hore. Hook-nosed and broad-jowled, Hore-Belisha never loses his head. Half of him is always acting, with the other half always cocking an admonitory ear and eye to everything he does. Finally, he is sixteen at golf because he doesn't care to be better. ("All interesting people have long handicaps.")

C

Tunbridge

Lady Alexandra Haig

Cowes Week

By Lady Alexandra Haig

Decorations by Reynolds

DICTATORS rise and fall, there are earthquakes and tidal waves, trunk murders and scandals in the law courts, but Cowes Week remains the same.

A visitor to the annual week of festivities in this small town in the Isle of Wight can tell of few changes there during the last forty years. Exaggeration and conspicuousness in any form is not tolerated and rules have to be obeyed. There have been some innovations, such as speed-boats and the aeroplane service from London, but the customs of the people are the same, and even the women's clothes have altered little. Trousers on feminine legs have never been permitted in the Squadron Gardens, and as for sun-bathing belles—well, they have not yet been sighted.

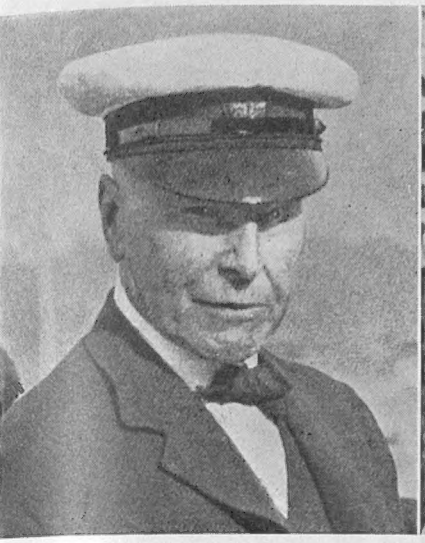
There in the bay is the royal yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," painted blue and shining with brass, just as she was in the days of Queen Victoria. On board are their Majesties the King and Queen and all the royal suite. Near by is the grey guard-ship, H.M.S. Malaya, and all round dance yachts of every size and description, with white sails, red sails, and mast-heads decorated with flags. There is "Yarta," the handsome steam-yacht belonging to the Marquess of Camden, the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Sir Victor Warrender's "Norada," Lord Fairhaven's "Sapphire," and Lord Runciman's schooner "Sunbeam II."

Lord and Lady Camrose have a large party on board "Sona," and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Guinness are on board "Fantome" with many of their friends.

The little town of Cowes is in a fever of excitement. The shops are bursting with supplies of yachting caps, bright-coloured oilskins, brooches made in the shape of flags. Every house and every room has been taken by celebrities from London. The streets, cobbled and narrow, are noisy from the shouts of young men and women walking arm-in-arm.

OVERLOOKING the bay are the white-turreted headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the most exclusive club in the world, where bearded gentlemen in yachting caps and blue coats with brass buttons engraved with anchors, peer through telescopes to see that no one is breaking the rules. They watch the Squadron Steps, the landing-stage below the headquarters, with particular care, for none but a member may land there. A green lawn, called the Squadron Gardens, lies at the back, surrounded by a thick, insurmountable fence. None may walk across this lawn or sit thereupon unless they are accompanied by a member of the Club.

It is eight o'clock on a typical Cowes morning. Punctually, as the clock strikes, Sir Claude and Lady Champion de Crespigny take their bathe from the Squadron Steps, as has been their custom for many years, quite unmindful of the strong currents. The big racing yachts swoop like huge white birds across the bay as they jockey for places before the start of the day's racing. There is "Britannia," more than forty years old, with his Majesty the King on board, and there are "Candida," "White Heather," "Lulworth" and other well-known yachts. The signal-gun booms from the Squadron, the race has begun, and none knows when it will end, for it is entirely dependent on the wind. Soon speed-boats



Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny

Lord Camrose

Sir Victor Warrender

Lord Camden

put off from some of the other yachts, carrying parties ashore.

The royal launch is waiting alongside the "Victoria and Albert." The Queen and her ladies-in-waiting embark and land at the Squadron Steps, where they are received by Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Two cars are waiting, and the Royal party leaves for a drive round the island.

It is midday. Most people seem to be converging on the Gloucester Hotel, where they meet for drinks and discuss the plans for the afternoon. Some arrange to go sailing down the Solent, others make up parties to go bathing. Then they all collect on the landing-steps and return to the different yachts for lunch.

And now it is tea time, the red-letter moment of the Cowes day, when the celebrities and others, with their names written on badges pinned to their fronts, gather in the Squadron Gardens and the rattle of the tea-cups and the wash of the waves cannot quite drown the gossip. The men all wear double-breasted coats with brass buttons, white trousers, and yachting caps set at jaunty angles. The women are dressed almost in a uniform of navy blue and white, with a touch here and there of pale blue or scarlet. They all wear well-cut, workmanlike coats and skirts with jerseys, a few of them wear yachting caps, most of them have bérets or felt hats.

We can see Lady Magdalene Bulkeley, the wife of the Commodore of the R.Y.S., with her good-looking daughter, Lady Mainwaring. They are joined by Sir Harry Mainwaring with his pretty daughters, Diana and Zara, and some of their friends.

Lord and Lady Camden are there with a family party consisting of their son, Lord Brecknock, and his pretty wife and their two daughters, Lady Irene Clark and Lady Fiona Fuller, with their respective husbands. Near by sits the Dowager Lady Glentanar, surrounded by the many guests she has staying with her at Hamlet Lodge; among them are her son, with his beautiful Norwegian wife. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Guinness are there with a large and gay party, and Lord and Lady Camrose are near by with another cheerful party, which includes their pretty daughter, Miss Sheila Berry. Finally, in come Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, a tall and exceedingly handsome couple, who are immediately surrounded by friends.

It is late. The Gardens have become empty and most people have returned to their yachts to change for dinner.

There is a dinner-party on board the royal yacht and later in the evening the officers of the guard-ship are giving a dance on H.M.S. Malaya. Speed-boats and launches swish past. The dusk turns to night. It is the magic moment of Cowes.

The bay shivers with lights. Myriads of them, red, green, yellow, pink, hang from the masts of the yachts and along the rigging; they wink from portholes; they flare up and are, as suddenly, extinguished; they are flashed as messengers from yacht to yacht; they are reflected like fireflies in the water, which is now inky black and rippling. Every window in the town is lighted, and Chinese lanterns swing in the gardens along the shore. The moon rises and drives a white track across the bay. The stars appear to be brighter than they have ever been before. Music and voices come from the guard-ship; a man's voice singing Puccini comes from another yacht; all the sounds are magnified and beautified by the water; even a motor horn from the shore and a gramophone playing jazz sound melodic. Why go to Venice?

And now we have come to the evening of the last day of Cowes Week. Everyone has been praying for a fine night for the fireworks, and the wish has been granted.

People wrapped in overcoats stand in the Squadron Gardens waiting for nightfall. Suddenly a rocket shrieks up the sky, then falls and fades; others follow, quicker and quicker, until the sky and sea are a furnace of every colour in the sun and the air is hideous with noise, like in an air raid.

Finally it is quiet and dark. Everyone says good-bye to everyone else. "Where are you going?" "Sailing in the morning to Poole," "Dartmouth," "Deauville," "Constantinople," "Venice," "Corsica." The voices scream and jangle, but they all end in unison. "Whatever happens we 'll be here again next year."

Society at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Viscount Hinchingbrooke and Miss Rosemary Peto Married

Below: Mrs. Winston Churchill and Miss Sarah Churchill leaving the reception, given at 16, Grosvenor Street after the ceremony

Above: Viscount Hinchingbrooke, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Sandwich, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after the wedding, with his bride, Miss Rosemary Peto, daughter of Major Ralph Peto and Mrs. Ruby Lindsay

Right: Lady Moyra Lyttelton and Miss Rosemary Lyttelton leaving 16, Grosvenor Street, which was lent for the reception by Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh

Mrs. Carnegie with Major and Mrs. Michael Peto, three of the many guests at the wedding, which was conducted by Canon Carnegie and the Ven. K. D. Knowles. The church was decorated with mixed white flowers in alabaster vases

Lady Cunard, Mrs. Ralph Wigram, and the Archduke Seybel of Austria, who were also guests at the wedding, at which a hymn set to music by Lady Olga Montagu, aunt of the bridegroom, was sung as part of the musical service

To-day—in Hollywood

A camera-study of the Hollywood Lilian Harvey. The films she has made out there with Fox, which have included "My Weakness" "I Am Suzanne," have none of them been quite to her fancy, and she threatened to break her contract and come back to Europe. However, she has now settled down again, so rumour says, and plans have been made for her to star in three more films in America

Yesterday They Looked Like This . . .

No. 3. Lilian Harvey Then and Now

Right: a picture of Lilian Harvey in one of her earliest films—"Dei Kleine vom Bummel"—which was made as long ago as 1925. She appears as a young girl who is performing at a country fair

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Below: Lilian Harvey in a pre-Hitler German film-setting, as a cabaret star in one of those gay Berlin night-haunts which are no more. The musical-comedy, "Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag," was one of her earlier talkies, made with Ufa under William Thiele's direction

Yesterday—in Germany

Sasha

Four Punch's Club regulars: Lady Tredegar, Lady Gatti, Mrs. Stewart Brown and Mrs. Ansell

Their Native Heath . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No 6.—PUNCH'S CLUB

By Charles Graves

Lady Seafield and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, often have meals here

"Punch," the Hon. Arthur Eliot, carving a joint

PUNCH'S CLUB is only three years old, but it has already established itself as a landmark of Mayfair. This is not surprising when you have Arthur Eliot in charge. "Uncle Arthur," as he is known to a generation of gourmets, Bohemians, and intelligent young people, is sixty years old. In his day he has fought in two wars, taken part in the Jameson Raid, bought Army goats, sold straw hats, been an actor, a tram conductor, a lessee manager of two theatres, and a steward on the Drummond Castle.

Big-boned, soft-voiced, worried-looking, Uncle Arthur carves all the joints at Punch's and makes a hobby out of inventing hors d'œuvre. These include pineapple with mayonnaise sauce, chopped onions and walnuts, and curried apples. His club also provides the best cocktail I know—one made of vodka. His wife owns Ole King Sole. His daughter, Nellie, is O.C. the tables at Punch's, and deals with all the people who say they have rung up for tables and never have. He is assisted by Moreau, the chef, who comes from the Café Royal and looks it—fat and big; Osmond, the hall porter, the most tactful man in London; Bloomfield, the wine waiter, who was thirty years at the Bachelors'; and John, the barman, who used to be at Chez Victor.

Uncle Arthur has frequently been asked to open a branch in New York, but, fortunately, he does not understand little blue-necks, and hates the sound of clams.

THE specialities at Punch's are carpet-bag steaks, cheese omelettes, pigs' trotters, and all your old home-town dishes. There are a thousand members, headed by Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, who dine there at least once a week. He and Uncle Arthur were at the same preparatory school at Farnborough, which was so full of young noblemen that it was known as "The House of Lords." Uncle Arthur says that he used to be whipped frequently, just because he was not even an "Honourable" in those days.

Norah Stewart Brown is a regular. With her turned-up nose and her husky voice, she goes everywhere and sees everything. I am very fond of her. What would Lady Moira Combe and Lord Donegall have done without her when they first broke into journalism? Another very staunch member is Laura Royston. She sometimes lunches there with her two sons, each of them looking old enough to be her uncle.

E. Boulanger, head of the aquarium at the "Zoo," is always very critical about the fish. Sir P. Chalmers Mitchell, who is head of the "Zoo," is one of the gentlest members and has never asked for lion steak yet. Lord Donegall looks like any Dauphin and comes with innumerable papers every Friday night. He is a very conscientious newspaper columnist and gets a lot of his column at Punch's. He lives, apparently, on eggs. His colleague, "Bunny" Tattersall, once told me that he could not help having a "vitriolic pen." He is always complaining that the Pimm's No. 1 is weak. Lord Fitzwilliam, one of the richest peers in

Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Evelyn Waugh, Lord Brecknock, Mrs. Nick Prinsep (Anita Elsom), and Nick Prinsep

England, always eats steak. Lord Rothermere, by contrast, prefers a chop. The new Lady Tredegar, better known as Lois Morgan, eats very little—I really do not know how she lives. George Grossmith is never with a plain woman. He is the sprightliest grandfather of my acquaintance. Rex Hartley eats everything except what he makes. Peter Horlick talks incessantly of his family products and then drinks beer. Lord Powerscourt on his visits to London eats practically every meal at Punch's except breakfast. His table (No. 4) is nicknamed "Powerscourt Island."

H. N. Leveson-Gower says it with flowers, but then he should. He is with Coty's. The Duke and Duchess of Leinster arrive in their very odd oak-coloured Ford car—a converted shooting-van. Lord Milton brings his wife, and sends pheasants in the shooting season. Lord Mandeville is always persuading members to come out and hear the latest cricket scores or B.B.C. dance tune on the wireless set in his motor-car. Amy Mollison, whose looks have improved so much, comes with her husband. Mrs. Vernet is another regular—like the Prinseps, who are two of the best judges of food in London. Molly Pudukota often comes with the Inchcapes. The Maharajah of Rajpipla told all the staff to back Windsor Lad for the Derby; came back straight to the club after the race and offered the winner for a tenner to anybody who could produce that sum in spot cash. Nobody could, including Lord Fitzwilliam.

Captain Sherbourne is a hard-boiled bachelor who says he has acquired a gold-mine Kenya-way. Lord Sherborne is very good-looking. "The Sleepy Baronet," alias "The Dormouse," comes in almost every day either for lunch or a button-hole—if the former, he frequently falls asleep between the courses. Lord Wharncliffe is the champagne-cocktail king. It is all he ever seems to drink there. Evelyn Waugh, with his comic little orchid and his popping eyes, is always full of the latest social gossip of New Guinea. "Babe" Barnato likes mixed grills. Derek Herbert never misses a meal with his miniature Queen Victoria of a wife if he can avoid it. Perhaps the best proof of the varied quality of the members is that Miss Dorothy Ward's name is literally next to that of Lord Westbury in the Members' Book.

Mme. "Flo" de Peña

The Chef, the Dog, and John, the barman

QUITE a few of the members look round the door before entering the club, which, by the by, is in Waverton Street. But, as I have said, Osmond, the hall porter is extremely tactful. What I like about the club are the plaid napkins and tablecloths, the twenty or thirty different kinds of hors d'œuvre, from which you are allowed to fill your plate yourself, the presence of draught beer, and the anecdotes of Uncle Arthur, who has a gag for everybody. I might have said that only a fortnight ago he took part in the Six-Day Cycle Race at Olympia for four laps.

At the moment, the club is closed for ten days, but is reopening for the grouse on August 12th. That is a very pleasant thought for any member who is stranded in London.

"Nellie" Eliot, "Punch's" daughter

Round the Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Left: Priscilla Weigall, Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall's daughter, and Tommy Weldon, Sir Anthony Weldon's second brother, were at the Grosvenor Gaieties Ball. Her dress was turquoise, with gold spots and a good neck-line

Miss Priscilla Weigall and Mr. Tommy Weldon

Miss Violet de Worms

Sir Archibald Weigall

Lt.-Col. Sir Archibald Weigall went to the Grosvenor Gaieties Ball with his wife, daughter and party. Lady Weigall was running one of the side-shows

Violet de Worms was also sketched at the Ball at Grosvenor House, wearing a purple satin dress. She is the daughter of Baron and Baroness de Worms

Right: Miss Lisa Maugham, who is off with her mother, Mrs. Syrie Maugham, to her Le Touquet villa, was lunching Chez Quaglino with a friend, and wearing an amusing little white Glengarry-ish cap

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Curious Work for the Post Office

WE yield to no one in our admiration for Mr. Walter Elliot's energy and drive in his difficult task as Minister of Agriculture. He has what is described as a magnetic personality. We are of opinion that it ought to be described as hypnotic instead of magnetic. For how else can you explain his latest astonishing achievement? To persuade the Foreign Office to annoy other countries for him is child's play to him. To make the Board of Trade dance around while he tootles away on his flute is just a pastime. But we admit ourselves flabbergasted when we read that the Postmaster-General is actually going to instal ten thousand Luxury Pens in selected post offices throughout the country. We are all in favour of home-grown mutton, but surely this is going a bit too far. The next thing will be that the Board of Education is going to be hypnotised by Mr. Elliot into installing Luxury Styes in elementary schools, and that the Board of Admiralty is to allow Luxury Byres in Battleships. (What? Not that sort of pen? But what other sort of pen is there? Oh! The one that's mightier than the sword. We don't know anything about that, and, in any case, we don't believe you.)

The "America's" Cup

WE sent our yachting-expert down to Gosport to write us a report about the departure of Mr. Sopwith's racing yacht "Endeavour," which is off across the Atlantic to race for the "America's" Cup, but he turned in such hideously technical stuff about mizzens and main-trysails and boxing the binnacle and laying a jib-boom reef along the starboard scuppers, that we had to scrap it. After all, one must be reasonable, and if we could not understand what the man was talking about, how on earth do you suppose that you would, with your infinitesimal brains, little pretties? So let's just wish the "Endeavour" bon voyage, which is a French expression and means a bon voyage, and success in the Cup.

Death of a High-Brow

WHOEVER invented this expression "high-brow" for boys and girls who live in Bloomsbury on a diet of nuts and barley-water, and wear sandals and sacking skirts and trousers, must have got a bit of a shock when he saw the photographs of the late, but not the least lamented, Mr. Dillinger. For the desperado had a noble forehead, a great sheet of brow, as high as anything that ever came out of the neighbourhood of the British Museum, and yet he was comparatively unacquainted with the poems of Ezra Pound, or with the prose of Miss Virginia Woolf. It is even rumoured that he often used to confuse an anapeest with a dactyl when discussing the metres of classical Greek poetry, and he was very backward on his Proust.

"The Professor is too tired; he killed a million germs to-day . . ."

Without Prejudice

WE do not want to be misunderstood. Nor do we wish anyone to suppose that we intend anything personal when we strongly recommend to your attention a small, illustrated brochure entitled *The Drunk's Blue Book*. It is extremely entertaining. It is full of good advice on Jolly Games for Drunks, on How to Fill in the Gaps of the Night Before, How to Get into Fights, and many other aspects of a subject that is only too often studied from an unsympathetic angle. What could be better, for example, than: "When driving the wrong way in a one-way street, be considerate to other drivers and keep to the right." And we particularly liked its Drunk's Dictionary. "Keyhole. A hole smaller than a key." And "Gentleman. Anyone who drinks. Plural: Washroom." And "Tooth. An article of jewellery."

Good News in the Theatre

NOW that London's collared the adorable Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, she won't find it so easy to get away, and it is grand news that Mr. C. B. Cochran has commissioned Mr. A. P. Herbert to write a new play for her. We hope it will run for months and months.

The Twelfth

THAT important date which is usually called by our less solemn contemporaries "The Festival of St. Grouse," is at hand again, and we will all have the immense felicity of seeing those jolly pictures of our friends perched upon shooting-sticks, or quaffing champagne, or even, occasionally, holding a gun in their lily-white hands. "The Exodus to the North," to use another happy little phrase of Fleet Street, is in full swing, and the English nation is very busy proving that, whereas Scotsmen seem to own a good deal of England, nevertheless, the balance is redressed by the amount

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 10.—Merchant Taylors'

Red, gold and black is the O.M.T. tie,
Presenting a right pleasing sight to the eye.

ERE Sandy Lodge, beloved of golfing wallahs,
Became the famous school's new country site,
The City was the place in which its scholars
Would (or would not) seek to grow erudite.
The Square called Charterhouse for generations
Saw Monitors and Prompters and small fry
Indulging in most strenuous gyrations
Upon that asphalt playground called "the High,"
Where many a "Rugger" star, still embryonic,
First learned the proper way to take his tonic.

Here devotees of cricket looked with awe on
"The Grass," that hallowed patch of verdant green—
No wonder they revered it greatly, for on
Its turf the immortal "Doctor" has been seen;
But whether boys were moved much by tradition
Or gave but little thought to days now done,
At times, each one of them felt that same mission
Which drove them hot-foot to the friendly Lun,
Where Classical and Modern sides united
In seeing that their aching voids were righted.

The bustle of Great Hall when packed on Speech Day
With Masters, visitors, and noisy boys;
That rush to save a "late" that happened each day;
The cool and restful shelter of "the Clois"
Are memories that live as a reminder
Of what has been and all that 's yet to be,
For in the years to come the school will find a
Fame quite as great as that which now we see,
For though she recently changed her location,
It 's good to note she still keeps her old station!

B. W.

"Is that that Bunce woman again?"

of Scotland that is owned by the English. But we don't hear quite so much about that side of the bawbee.

Well Played, Sir!

THERE were many stern and terrible scenes in the smoking-rooms of the West End clubs on the last day of the Leeds Test Match. Hour after hour the news came through: "Play stopped by rain," and strong men were in an agonising dilemma. Ought they to pray that rain would save the Dear Old Country and end the match in a safe, though somewhat ignominious draw? Or should they square their shoulders and, choking down a manly sob, put Sportsmanship before Patriotism and, damme, sir, may the best side win! It was a cruel position, and many an honourable brow was racked with doubt, and many a verse of the Old School Song was hummed sotto voce in an attempt to play up, play up, and play the game.

"Now, you fellows, time for bye-bye"

Headaches in the Air

ANOTHER cruel dilemma is the one which is worrying so dreadfully our super-air-patriots. It is indeed a sad conundrum, and the demand for aspirin in certain aeronautical circles is, we understand, quite unprecedented. This is the snag. If you stage air-manœuvres and arrange that the bombers are to bomb London and the fighters are to try to prevent them, it is of vital importance that the bombers shall succeed. Otherwise, how can you continue to howl for 50,000 new aeroplanes? But if the bombers succeed, it follows automatically that the fighters must have failed. And is that fair on the brilliant fighting-squadrons which the country undoubtedly possesses? It 's a nasty problem, darlings, and we do not propose to try to provide you with a solution. Let us, therefore, look the difficulty confidently in the face, and pass on to the next item on the agenda.

Fomento del Turismo

TRAVELLERS in the sunny lands of Spain and Italy are always struck with the intelligent and friendly way in which the path of the tourist is made smooth for him. It is very different from the traditional British way—happily considerably improved during recent years—of 'eaving 'arf a brick at a stranger on principle. A certain Nordic country in Europe is going on the 'arf-brick notion with a vengeance. British visitors, like all other foreign visitors, will be subject to the new sterilisation laws. Here 's a fine fomentation of the tourisme. On the whole we think that, in the meantime, we 'll stick to the Latin countries.

High Finance

WHAT a world of difference there is between your ideas of money, or our ideas of money, and the ideas of the people who really know about these things. The banking half-year has just come to an end, and a financial expert heads his survey of the situation with the words: "Plethora of Funds. Another Lean Period." According to our notions, that would not make sense. But the Lombard Street boys work on a different plan. If you give them money, they burst into tears. If you take it away from them, they send out the boy for a quart of bubbly and a four-penny cigar. It is this sort of thing which has led to the old proverb about not even a camel being able to do you in the eye in Threadneedle Street.

Amber

MR. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., posed a pretty question when he asked why the yellow traffic light is called amber, and not yellow. No one appears to be able to answer. We, therefore, come forward with our solution. As usual, we have hit the nail on the head with our first ball, thus returning the penny and literally scotching a mare's-nest. This is what happened. A poetically-minded official of the Metropolitan Police, who had spent thirty-one years in the gloomy edifice of New Scotland Yard without being able to infuse a spark of poesy into the official routine (except a limerick, in which he rhymed Crippen with rippin'), saw his opportunity when the police began to sprinkle London with the faëry lights, the triplet offspring of the leprechauns. Seizing an official document, he wrote an instruction that the lights were to be known as Carnelian, Chrysoprase, and Emerald. His instruction was hastily overruled in favour of Red, Yellow, and Green, and the sensitive poet at once flung himself into a cask of four-X that had just been broached in the sergeants' canteen. He was rescued in time, with the loss of little more than a couple of quarts, and the Pundits of the Force soothed his feelings by conceding him Amber instead of Yellow. That is the inside story, and if you don't believe it, that is your affair. No money is returned, anyway, and we 've got your shilling (unless you 're the sort of cad who does all his really important reading in the club), so we don't care a wisp of hay.

"Do *let me help!*"

Weather Chat

THERE seems to be something very queer in the world's weather just now. England is in the grip of a drought, except when a Test Match is on the point of being lost. America is having a record drought, and the cattle are dying of thirst and 500 people a week are dying of heat. And Poland is being ravaged by the greatest floods on record. It all seems very wasteful. Then comes news from Japan that heavy artillery has been shooting at the clouds to bring down rain (but there was no information about what the folk underneath said when the force of gravity brought down the shells).

Bank Holiday

WE hope you have enjoyed yourselves, sweet pests, on Hampstead Heath, at Southend, Cliftonville, Ramsgate, New Brighton, or wherever it is that you were going for your Bank Holiday amusements. And once again we beg of you not to forget us, the chain-gang, as we sing our mournful chants of home and freedom long ago, driving our quills in the basements of Inveresk House, making three numbers of the BYSTANDER grow where only one grew before. Au revoir, angels. THE BYSTANDERS.

The Passing Picture Show

"Welcome Back!"

By Sydney Tremayne

MIDSUMMER is, admittedly, a difficult season for everyone connected with the theatre and cinema. Regular patrons are away from the towns, and in the country and at the seaside people are more likely to remain out of doors than to resort, for entertainment, to theatres. In the past, August was the season for films known as "Westerners"—lots of galloping hoofs, Stetson hats, and heroines in and out of distress. It is quite obvious that production companies would be ill-advised to present very expensive films at this season, and some of the most interesting pictures, as, for instance, the Gaumont-British *Jew Süss*, with Conrad Veidt in the name part, are being held over for presentation in the autumn.

IT seems a wise policy to show, during the summer season, some of the brilliant and successful pictures of the past. Visitors to the big cities may not have seen them, and many of the people who originally recognised them as masterpieces are glad to enjoy them again, and the titles and names of stars have more allure than lurid anonymity.

Blue Angel, in which Marlene Dietrich made her name and Jannings gave his most impressive performance, has recently been revived with great success, and *Trouble in Paradise*, Lubitsch's most brilliant production, which gave Herbert Marshall and Kay Francis opportunities which none of their subsequent rôles gave them, has also proved a really successful revival. There was something rather macabre in the revival of *Min and Bill*, the Dressler and Beery picture, at the time that Marie Dressler was dying of cancer, but it was definitely a film worth showing again, and *Private Lives*, so utterly different, giving Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery the chance of their lives to be verbally and symmetrically sophisticated, was a clever off-set to the sentiment and sincerity of the other picture and the other actors.

NOW, during August, there are other revivals of considerable interest. René Clair's *Le Million* will be shown at the Curzon. It is safe to say that this is one of the masterpieces—a classic of film-production, and anyone who did not see it during its long run must do so now. Almost all of those who have already enjoyed *Le Million* will, if possible, see it again, especially those who are interested in film technique, for, although René Clair's work has influenced many other producers, it has never been surpassed.

Another interesting revival is *Tabu*, Murnan's last picture, before his death in a motor accident. This film, made in the South Seas, is of the naturalistic school, and is largely dependent on dramatic photography, and in this respect has a certain unique value, especially as the director, whose cinematographic creed it expresses, is dead.

THEN there is *The Tempest*, also to be shown at the Curzon Cinema. This is a German film, with Emil Jannings and Anna Sten in the chief parts. Jannings plays the part of a gangster and shows an amazing versatility, because this rôle is in complete contrast to others he has played. As a result of her performance as the shallow little light-of-love who meant everything to the otherwise brutal man impersonated by Jannings, Anna Sten got her Hollywood contract. It is significant that both she and Dietrich became famous through playing opposite Jannings. I think it goes to prove that great actors bring out all that there is in their fellow-artists. Anna Sten's performance as Nana, after two years of training, "grooming" and publicising in Hollywood, was a highly specialised, meticulously directed, and exquisitely dressed performance by a lovely woman, but it was not great acting and, in spite of devotional directorial genius, I do not think that Marlene Dietrich has ever given such a brilliant performance as she did in *Blue Angel*. Must they act with Jannings? And when are we going to see him again?

I welcome these revivals because they give us a standard of comparison and invoke an enquiry as to the progress of film-craft. Are there any directors to succeed to, or surpass, Clair, Lubitsch, or Murnan?

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone

Through the eyes of Gitano, who saw them in their film "Sadie McKee," which ran at the Empire last month. Franchot Tone plays lead opposite Madeleine Carroll in "The World Moves On," the English star's first Hollywood picture, which is still awaiting its première in England

" He says, ' Have you heard any good ones about Mae West lately ? ' "

Tunbridge

MERLE OBERON IN "THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN"

Merle Oberon is one of the most talented of Mr. Korda's Young Ladies. Among the myriad dazzling beauties who are rivals for Don Juan's mercurial affections, she is the most favoured: in other words, her part in "The Private Life of Don Juan," in which Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, plays hero, is a leading one. The film is ready for its première as soon as its intended home, the new London Pavilion, is ready to receive it. Merle Oberon has already started work again, this time in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which London Films have chosen as their next big venture, with Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, and Roland Brown directing. Later on, Merle Oberon is likely to be seen on the London stage

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

WHEN the daily Court Circular is headed "H.M. Yacht 'Victoria and Albert,' Cowes Roads," we can be assured that the London Season is officially over. Some, of course, anticipate this movement, such as Mrs. Corrigan, of Cleveland, Ohio, who, having already finished her lavish entertaining among her circle of friends, has moved to Wiesbaden.

IT was just twenty years ago that many people visiting Austria and Germany for cures got interned. Picture Mrs. Corrigan in an internment camp!

COWES is in its best form this year. There are more yachts about than ever, and the Royal Yacht Squadron Lawn is the very place to be asked to tea. There is always rather a rival party in the house adjoining, belonging to Mrs. Rosa Lewis, of the Cavendish Hotel. Some of the R.Y.S. members have often been known to pop in there at about cocktail time—not before, else they might miss some of those luscious Gilbert and Sullivan pot-pourris, so lustily rendered by the band at tea time. If we do not see photographs of some of the following, I shall be disappointed, for they are great personalities in the world of yachts—Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley (Commodore, R.Y.S.), Lord Camden, Sir Victor Warrender, Lord Dorchester, and Sir Philip Hunloke.

GOODWOOD house-parties are a great feature of the meeting: the local vicarages hear some very different conversations during this week compared to when the Vicar is explaining some knotty point of ecclesiastical doctrine to the young ladies of the village in his study.

The Ranee of Sarawak and Miss Diana Mills lunching at Quaglino's. Miss Mills was in pale grey, and the Ranee of Sarawak in turquoise blue

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Lady Joan Colville, who, following the prevailing fashion, lately gave a cherry cocktail-party to some of her many friends at her house, 36, Buckingham Gate

Mrs. Michael Portman, who, before her marriage, was Miss June Charles, gives a sitting to Molly Bishop with her infant son, Edward, who was christened a fortnight or so ago

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Leigh

Mrs. Henderson

Lady Haddington

Lady Irene Clarke

Jolly Good Goodwood Weather and a Jolly Good Crowd of Notables, Some of Whom

LORD and Lady Carnarvon have been entertaining at Molecomb House (not a vicarage): think of the fun they must have all had with their party—Sir Delves and Lady Broughton, Sir Jock and Lady Buchanan-Jardine, the Kelletts, and Miss Monica Sheriffe. No need for any formality there, with such a party of old friends.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is off to Biarritz, and will spend most of the time playing golf at Chiberta. Recent events in Austria cannot encourage many to go there for their holidays, although the rate of exchange is much in our favour. As regards Switzerland and France, we cannot really say that we shall economise by going there, although the mentality of the average holiday-maker is "Never-mind-as-long-as-we-enjoy-ourselves." For those whose lives are just one long holiday, financial consideration is always at a discount.

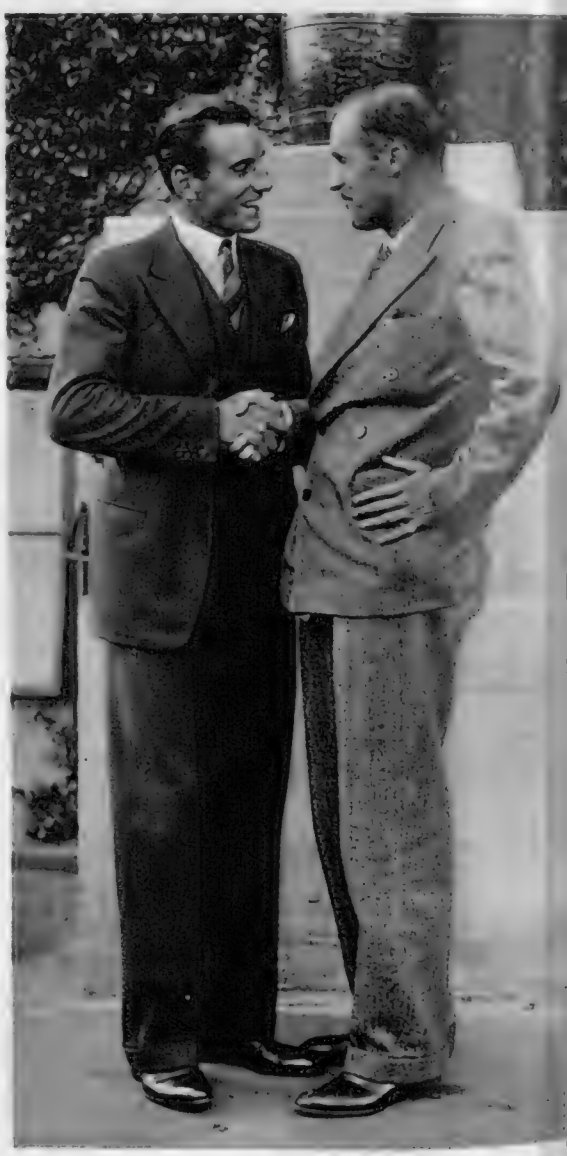
MONTE CARLO has had its first summer gala, at which Sir George Clerk, the British Ambassador in Paris, was present. Mr. and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, the Grand Duke Dmitri, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, and Lord and Lady Bearsted were also there. Felix Ferry's Follies opened their performances last week at the Summer Sporting Club; Clifford Whitley was meditating a lightning dash out there to sample them, before going off to New York and Chicago this week, to see what he can find for the Dorchester in the way of cabaret stars.

MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON has anchored her motor-boat, Crocodile, in Monaco Harbour, having driven it in easy stages down the water-ways and canals of France. Her sister, Diana, has been staying with her aunt Maxine, at Juan-les-Pins, but will shortly be on her way to Salzburg to join Mr. Sidney Beer's Schloss party. With regard to the movements of Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon in this part of the world I am not yet conversant: they will probably first need a little Princely or Grand Ducal advice upon the political situation.

THE first flights of the great, into the air, at least, are always worthy of record. Last week saw Lord Beaverbrook charter a huge twenty-seater aeroplane, and fly in it to Paris: there were only four passengers, one of whom was the portly Viscount, who whispered words of encouragement in the pilot's ear most of the way over.

The Cunningham-Reids gave another of their famous cinema parties at their house in Upper Brook Street, for a preview of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Murder On the Runaway Train*: this was followed by a small party, which proved as enjoyable as theirs always are. Sir Alfred Beit was again seen with Lili Damita: some silly newspaper had the audacity to ring him up the other day and ask if there was any significance to their being seen about together so often. The Baronet is reported to have replied in an emphatic negative.

THIS week sees the end of the Russian Ballet season. Colonel de Basil packs up the playboxes of Baronova, Toumanova, and the other good little girls, and sends them off for a holiday, before they re-assemble in Paris prior to a long season in New York. Tarakanova, who is the prettiest of them all, besides being a lovely dancer, goes to Cannes, so will probably continue the



Right: W. T. Tilden, himself an old Champion at the game, who is now a professional, congratulating F. J. Perry, the reigning Champion, after the latter had won his match against F. X. Shields, and thus retained the Davis Cup for Great Britain for another year

From Bill to Fred

are Seen Above, Watch the Racing

Sir John and Lady Buchanan-Jardine *Lady Titchfield and the Duchess of Northumberland*

social life which she led in London. I hear the ballet is booked for a long season next year. Mr. Geoffrey Toye has proved a great success as director-general of Covent Garden, the opera was splendidly done, and there is to be a very ambitious programme arranged for next May. Lady Cunard has given a great deal of advice upon the subject, though, of course, it all has to be submitted to the board of directors; Sir Thomas Beecham, now in the position of musical director, was able to put in a very correctional word to late-comers at a very opportune moment—the first night of the season.

POLO had a good season, an additional interest to the various annual tournaments was lent by the presence of the American team, captained by Mr. Harold Talbott. He has now returned to America, but has left as temporary hostages his very charming wife, also Miss "Bee" Patterson, one of Philadelphia's most attractive products; while another American who has at once made herself very popular with all is Lady Tennyson.

THINGS are quiet in the night-club world just now. But Quaglino's stands firm, like the rock of Gibraltar, and for social significance as well as other excellent qualities it holds the highest position of its kind in London. Of course, the big hotels all carry on just the same, holiday season or not. They are all anticipating a very full August—the Oval Test Match will make a big difference, too. As regards the night-club championship, I think the Monseigneur won it this summer, for the Yacht Club Boys gave them a fine start, and Lucienne Boyer rammed home the advantage. It is shut now till September; so is the Café de Paris, which has relied mostly upon Sophie Tucker; the Embassy Club, which has been jammed to suffocation on extension night, and quite pleasant on the others, and Ciro's, about which there were many rumours of its closing down, luckily all entirely untrue.

THE first day of Goodwood was lovely: it is perfect at this resort when the weather is good, but when those trees start to drip, and the entrances to the tents are like rivers, and the waiters look miserable, it is not so good. From all the local Sussex mansions came parties: the Duke of Norfolk from Arundel, Lord Woolavington from Lavington, the Courtaulds from Burton, and, of course, the Duke of Richmond's own party from Goodwood House. Lord Willingdon, Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Captain and Lady Amy Coats, Lord and Lady Lonsdale were among the guests staying there.

THE Aga Khan won a couple of races, and Lord Carnarvon's Satyr made his house-party go home looking very happy—especially Miss Monica Sheriffe, clad in a strict navy-blue. Captain Jack Fielden won a race with Almond Hill, starting at 20—1. He was at the Cunningham-Reid's party that night; all the Swiss Family Hearst were priming themselves for a visit the next day to Canterbury Cathedral—the attractive wife of big Sir George was learning up all about recumbent knights and crypts. From there they went to Dover, and on to the Lido. MR. PEEPS

Swaebe

Mr. Peter Clive, son of Sir Robert Clive, nephew of Mrs. Mark Hambourg, with his wife at the Caviare and Vodka party given by Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hambourg at 27, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, previous to the marriage of their daughter, Nadine, to Mr. T. H. Marshall

"Twenty-one To-day"

Lady Georgina Hay, Lady Sylvia Maitland, Miss Alethea Talbot, and Miss Perrott, in front, and the Hon. Peter Carew, Viscount Maitland, Lord Reay, and Mr. Watson seated at the back, who were some of the house-party assembled at the celebrations given for the coming-of-age of Lady Sylvia Maitland, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale, at Thirlestane Castle

Proud Parents

And the Children Too

Right : a photograph taken at home of Lady Napier, wife of Sir Joseph Napier, Bt. Previous to her marriage in 1931, she was Miss Isabel Surtees, second daughter of Major Henry Surtees, of Redworth Hall, Durham. Robin is two years of age, and his brother, who bears the name of John, was four months old when he underwent the ordeal of being photographed

Lady Napier

The Hon. Mrs. Roger Frankland

A new picture of the Hon. Mrs. Roger Frankland with her infant son, christened Frederick. Mrs. Frankland is the daughter of Mr. Arthur Cecil Sanday, and her husband, to whom she was married in 1931, is the second son of the Baroness Zouche

The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridg

A photograph taken in her own home at Montagu Place, W. Bridgeman with her infant daughter, with the fascinating name of the third son of Viscount Bridgeman. She is a daughter of

Photographs by Lenare, Tunbridge and Elwin Neame

Below: Lady Jean Rankin is a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stair; her husband is a brother of Sir Hubert Stewart-Rankin, Bt., and takes much interest in photography. He was the official photographer to the Oxford University Arctic Expedition. The boy's name is Niell

Right: Mrs. Alexander Wallace with her daughter, Jane Caroline, who was christened at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, where her mother was married. Mrs. Wallace, before her marriage, was Miss Wishart Thomson, only child of the late Sir James and Lady Wishart Thomson

Mrs. Alexander Wallace

Lady Jean Rankin

lgeman

7.I, of the Hon. Mrs. Maurice f Erica Jane. Her husband is f Mr. Humphrey Minto Wilson

The Hon. Mrs. Stephen Tennant

The Hon. Mrs. Stephen Tennant, wife of the Hon. Stephen Tennant. Her daughter is named Stephanie Anne. She was born on May 21, and was christened last month at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Before her marriage Mrs. Tennant was Miss Patricia Dunne

A Wiltshire Wedding

Guests at the Marriage between Mr. John Chetwode and Miss Joan Bailey at Middle Woodford

Above: Miss Ursula Kearsley, a bridesmaid, Miss Dodo Aston and Mrs. Goschen

Right: Miss Helen Meagher, Mr. David Drummond, and a four-footed friend of the family at the reception

Right: Mr. Philip Campbell and the Hon. Blanche Arundell, who was one of the thirteen bridesmaids

At the Church Porch

The parents of the Bride and Bridegroom: Lady Janet Bailey, Mrs. Chetwode, Vice-Admiral Chetwode and Lieut.-Col. F. G. Bailey photographed after the ceremony at All Saints' Church

In the Garden at Lake House

Mr. Tufton, Mrs. Hervey Bathurst, Sir Edward Goschen, Miss Jean Goschen, and Miss Brudenell-Bruce, some of the younger guests, enjoying conversation and refreshments in the garden of Lake House

Below: *Irina Baronova*

Nina Tarakanova

Tatiana Riabouchinska

Departing "Lovelies"

Au Revoir to Ballets Russes

Here are three pictures of the Russian Dancers who have delighted the British public so vastly that, for the first time on record, Covent Garden remained open until August. Circled on the left is Irina Baronova, who appeared, among other ballets, in "The Blue Danube." On the left is Tatiana Riabouchinska, another of the beautiful principals; and above is Nina Tarakanova as she appears in private life. When the Ballet season ends she will be seen sunning herself at Cannes. Good-bye, all, and be sure to come to Covent Garden again next year

Photographs by Saska

Miss Humber and Mrs. Haywood, two of the many visitors who enjoyed the recent racing at Hurst Park

A Racing Reverie

Windsor Lad's New Owner

By "Regular"

Below: more visitors to Hurst Park: Lady Lyons, Major Sneyd, and Sir Henry Lyons, a trio of "racing regulars"

Mr. E. T. Thornton Smith, owner of Chatelaine, and Mrs. Elliot-Pyle also caught by the camera while racing took place at Hurst Park

During the past fortnight I have been filled with remorse. I had been too severe with the bookmakers. After all, they too are only human, and their little creature comforts mean just as much to them as they do to you and me.

In consequence of my remorse, my nights have been disturbed, and when, in the small hours, that voice I know so well has reproved me for my restlessness, I have answered, in a voice choked with sobs: "The bookmakers."

If my nights were to remain undisturbed, this campaign against the ring must first be stopped. With 7 to 4 the field, 2 to 1 bar one, and 5 to 2 bar two, how could they be expected to keep body and soul together, especially in the face of the fact that Uncle Regular and his followers back six winners a day? If I could only hear that Joe Harris had backed a loser, it would make all the difference.

At long last, through sheer exhaustion, I would cry myself to sleep, if you could call a series of hideous nightmares by the blessed name of sleep—Mrs. Vernet in a last year's model; Tommy Graves dining at an A.B.C.; Jack Burns with no roof over his head; Issy Isaacs without the price of a Gold Flake; and Harry Slowburn facing this winter with an empty grate.

Then, all of a sudden, dear readers, an event occurred which transformed Uncle Regular once again into his radiant self. At nights I slept the sleep of a little child, and over our race-courses the sun came shining through the dark clouds, for Mr. "Duggie Never Owes" Benson had paid £50,000—for Windsor Lad.

I am only a simple little thing, quite unversed in such intricate matters as odds and the making of a book, but on learning of Mr. Benson's purchase, it struck me that, from time to time, some small and possibly wholly negligible profit must be accrued through 7 to 4 the field, 2 to 1 bar one, and 5 to 2 bar two.

I am asked repeatedly what I would have done if I had been in the Maharaja's happy position and somebody had offered me £50,000 for Windsor Lad, and my answer is "Exactly the same as the Maharaja." His Highness has no mares of his own, and is not even contemplating starting a stud. Half of his year is spent in India, where he has a large racing stable, and under these circumstances the possession of a stallion, even though he may bring in a very nice little income, is something of a mixed blessing.

On the other hand, every good sportsman will applaud Mr. Benson's very sporting gesture in paying this very large sum for the Derby winner. Mr. Benson's position is, however, entirely different to the Maharaja's, insomuch that he is desperately keen on the breeding side of racing and he has a large stud of his own, where Windsor Lad will stand when his racing days are over.

One of the conditions of the sale was that Windsor Lad should remain under the care of Marcus Marsh, which is quite as it should be, since Marcus was entirely responsible for the horse's purchase, and he has since trained him so brilliantly. I am also delighted to hear that Charlie Smirke will ride him.

How often do we find that a man who makes money out of racing takes jolly good care not to put a penny of it back. Mr. Benson has made money out of racing and he is investing it in bloodstock. Could anything be more satisfactory? Let us take off our hats to a real good sportsman and hope that Windsor Lad wins the Leger, and stands at the stud at 400 guineas for many a long day.

I can well imagine your disappointment when, on turning feverishly to my page, you find no mention of Goodwood, but the day of publication happens to be Bank Holiday, a day which casts its shadows before and causes the Editor to call out, in that bluff, breezy fashion of his, for my "copy" at the one moment when it is most inconvenient for me to give it him.

I must therefore wait till next week to tell you of the high jinks and merry goings-on in the Duke of Richmond's park, and elsewhere—elsewhere being, of course, the numerous country houses in the district, which are packed to overflowing with guests for race week.

I have been particularly fortunate this year in enlisting as a spy on my behalf, a member of the household staff at pretty nearly all the larger houses, and I am hopeful that my regiment of "key-hole Annies" will enable me to dish you up some delightful delicacies while you are on your August Hols, and in the event of my having my customary losing week, I may be able to turn their information to account with some pretty decent blackmail.

I have not told you anything yet about Liverpool, where the racing was first rate. I always come back from this meeting wishing that all clerks of courses were as efficient and as friendly as Mr. Wood. Mr. Wood always makes me feel that he thinks it very decent of me to come to Liverpool. I know of so many clerks of courses who make me think how frightfully decent they are to let me in.

My chief recollection of the racing is the brilliant riding of "Brownie" Carslake, but how I wish he hadn't been quite so brilliant on Rosemary's Pet, as it was only by the shortest of heads that he beat Jack Leach's Figaro. Before these lines appear in print, I hope Jack will have had adequate compensation and won the Stewards' Cup.

Jack Leach has done brilliantly with Figaro, and his brother, "Chubb," has performed an even finer training feat with the nine-year-old Doch-an'-Doris. People get frightfully excited over the eleven-year-old Burnside and the ten-year-old Brown Jack, but they are a little apt to overlook the claims of young "Doch." Both Jack and "Chubb" deserve a stableful of horses, and I hope they soon get them.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Holidays are in the Air

By Charles Ward

With a "Hawk" to Baghdad. Mrs. Macdonald, wife of Squadron-Leader A. D. Macdonald, who is on the Intelligence Staff in Iraq, with her Miles "Hawk," which she flew from Reading to Baghdad and back

Below: Cruising at 206 miles an hour. The German "Heinkel" mail-'plane belonging to Lufthansa, which flew recently from Berlin to Las Palmas with the mail for South America in 13 hours, an average speed of 206. An Imperial Airways "Heracles" liner in the background, is awaiting passengers for Paris

"Shell" photo

Flying to the Seaside

So many people who live far from the sea have found that more than one holiday a year on the coast was an impossibility until regular air services were started. The most popular lines from London are those to the Channel Islands, Le Touquet, Dieppe and Deauville, all operated from Heston, whilst the Isle of Wight and the south coast generally is served from Croydon as well as from Heston. Air France has started a week-end trip to Bordeaux and Biarritz, leaving Croydon at 10 a.m. and arriving at 6 p.m. The service will be a daily one between August 20th and September 14th. The summer programme of Railway Air Services will bring Birmingham within 2½ hours of Cowes, and by connections from the North, travellers from Scotland and Northern Ireland will be able to reach the Sunny South Coast in from four to five hours. The Royal Corinthian Yacht Club at Burnham-on-Crouch has opened a landing-ground on the north bank of the river and within two hundred yards of the club-house itself. This news prompts me to regret that more development has not taken place with light seaplanes and amphibians. These types are more expensive than the corresponding land-machine carrying the same load, and consequently there has been less demand for them. But there is no doubt that an amphibian is much more useful than a land 'plane, and anyone who has experienced it will agree that there is much more thrill in flying on and off the water. The New York business man who lives on Long Island and works on Wall Street can go to business by air bus, a daily seaplane service being operated across the bay; a single trip costs 16s., and a season ticket £70.

The Aerial Post

The Postmaster-General reminds us that Mercury was the first postman and, having started his rounds in the air, it is not inappropriate that our post to-day should have wings. The first air mail service in the country—that between Inverness and the Orkneys—has been most successful, some 3000 letters a day being carried between two areas of small population. The value of the air mail to our largest cities is to be tested shortly, Railway Air Services being commissioned to carry mail between Birmingham, Manchester, Belfast, Glasgow, Liverpool, Cardiff, Plymouth, Southampton, the Isle of Man, and London. Much sympathy is being expressed for Mr. Hillman, owner of the largest "private" air service in the country, at having been ignored by the Government when discussing the contract for air-mail carrying. Surely it is still in this country's interest to encourage private enterprise, the quality which has been responsible for our prosperity in so many fields in the past.

England Invaded

It happened as recently as twenty-five years ago, when Louis Blériot, an aeronaut of the day, flew the Channel from France, landing on the cliffs of Dover. Britain remained an island in name only, and we can never return to the days when the sea protected us from the rest of the world. But to return to Blériot. He was a pioneer in the true sense of the word, making the flight in the eighteenth machine which he had built for experimental purposes, each of the previous ones having come to grief. His average speed was 37½ miles an hour, and the petrol capacity so small that the flight had to be made on a calm day. Altitude as we know it to-day was unknown, all flights taking place just above the tree-tops, and Blériot had to make three attempts to climb as high as the cliffs for his landing at Dover. Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe recalls the fact that he himself had been summoned to attend the police court for daring to fly at Lea Marshes, but the prosecution was dropped during the public excitement over Blériot's feat. By way of celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first Channel crossing by air, Flight-Lieut. Tyson, one of Sir Alan Cobham's pilots, flew it in the reverse direction, but upside down, using a Tiger Moth specially fitted for aerobatics of this kind. The Channel has been glided, soared or sail-planed, whatever the correct expression may be for a flight without an engine, and therefore no further trial of skill seems possible, except, perhaps, a journey backwards by Autogiro.

Air Exercises

These are so called because they are intended to exercise the troops and equipment for defending the country in case of war. Bad weather interfered with a considerable part of the programme, and only the Higher Command can tell us whether adequate defence is possible against air attack. We know already that the personnel and flying equipment of the R.A.F. are second to none in quality and, according to present plans, our deficiency in quantity is to be gradually repaired. In sound-location and searchlight equipment we are considerably out of date, and the Army Vote will need additions to purchase modern apparatus. Similarly, the bits and pieces, such as flares and beacons on emergency landing-grounds, look rather antiquated.

Women's Golf

Vanity—and Handicaps

By Eleanor E. Helme

Looking Backwards—

At the "Bystander" Scottish Foursomes, in which Mrs. G. R. Potts (Craigmillar Park), Mrs. A. G. Stevenson (Durban, South Africa), Mrs. W. F. Barnes (North Shore, Skegness) and Mrs. E. R. S. Turnbull (Douglas Park) all played

—And Forward

Looking through the 30-foot periscope at the third tee at Aberdovey, North Wales. This unique apparatus reveals the green, which is hidden by sandhills, and saves the lives of many a putter. The tee-to-green carry is only 165 yards

Dear Bystander,

On the other side of those endless notebook-pages on which I jot down the details of matches on the way round, I make a habit of noting any topic that is suggested by current events. Sometimes the juxtaposition of topics and players is none too complimentary. "How not to take a beating," when it occurs after the details of Miss Coward-Excuse's match with Miss Braveheart, would possibly go near to land us in the libel court if Miss C.-E. were to know herself to be the inspiration of a powerful diatribe against all who rail about their own lies, the luck of their opponents, or a dozen other outside agencies which combined to defeat them. Or Miss Swing-round-your-neck might be grieved to find "Lack of balance the fundamental fault" jotted down on the back of the page that has recounted some huge driving of hers at the Little Sloshum Open Meeting—and also some woeful excursions into the tiger country.

But I have just come on an odd slip of paper, tucked in amongst some débris, which gives away nobody, for it is undated, unattached to anybody or anything. On it is writ large "VANITY. Produced by scores in dry weather, at own course, with own scorer. Up against good player, crumples. Vanity of wanting to reduce handicap." I have no idea who was the inspiring party, but it seems to me, on looking round the golfing world, that there are a great many people on to whom I might fit the cap, though they would probably be very ready to refuse it. I am not thinking of those who hold championships; they are emphatically just the players who know only too well, and too bitterly, how easy it is to fall below the high standard expected of them. I doubt very much whether Mrs. Holm, Miss Dorothy Pearson, Miss Sherlock, Miss Nan Baird, Miss Isabella Rieben cherish any illusions on the subject of their handicaps, or have any wish to reduce them. The winning of a championship, with the attendant responsibilities, seems quite often to produce a state of very wholesome humility; it is the players who have failed to win who seem more prone to be full of their own importance, apt to believe that, but for a malign fate, it would be they, not somebody else, who would reign as champion. Perhaps it is rather pathetic, a sign that they are bolstering up a waning belief in their own powers, trying to cheat themselves as well as others into a faith which is hardly justified by events.

But does not your list of golfing acquaintances include a great many whose one aim and object in their golfing life is to get their handicap down? Here and now, in this summer of drought, is, they think, their glorious opportunity. The ball will run and run until the long and the short alike can reach the four-hundred-yard hole easily in two; let them take out as many cards as L.G.U. regulations permit, and, sure enough, that ten will dwindle into the single figure that is their ambition, that wretched four, the sticking place of the golfing multitude be converted into a three, a two, or even—such is the high hope of summer-time—a one. And even the twos and ones dream of scratch, and the scratch of plus.

Are they worth it? What ought one's handicap to represent? Could they play down to it under Championship or International, or even County Match conditions, or does it only represent what they can very, very occasionally do, on a course of their own choosing, with the partner of their choice. I hasten to add that I accuse nobody of cheating, nor even the partner of deliberately giving advice. Encouragement any partner—one ought, of course, to use the word scorer—will give, and it would be an impossible and lamentable day for British sportsmanship if such a thing were ever to be made contrary to the rules. But it is a very different matter, anybody will admit, to feel that the player with you is, at worst, indifferent to whether you do well or badly, at best keen that you should do well. The case is altered indeed when match play is the business in hand, and you are fighting not only your own mistakes and the difficulties of weather, the laws of gravitation, and the general contrariness of golf balls, but also the determination of an opponent whose fighting spirit is up against yours.

Do these people who strive for lower handicaps really believe themselves to be capable of playing to them for, say, eight rounds out of ten, if their opponent were to be a champion, herself on that same mark and worth it. The vain aspirant for a lower handicap might be worth it perhaps twice a year.

In all this lies, to my mind, the mistake of constant medal play; it gives the player a wrong idea of her own place in the golfing world. Granted that a certain amount of play in open meetings is excellent, I do most strongly hold that constant extra day scores, and the consequent earning of a very low handicap (despite all the L.G.U. safeguards of different courses, and handicapping on the worst of your three best scores) breeds a race of young golfers who are not only a difficulty to Selection Committees but to themselves. It is a nasty jolt to their vanity to find how badly they can play on the big match-play occasion against a well-known opponent; they are probably discouraged. Instead of going out to play more matches, they possibly take out more cards, and thereby only feed the evil.

Golf was never meant to be a game of score play; that was an expedient introduced because too many people wished to find out simultaneously which was the best golfer of them all. The full-blooded match, the clash of temperament with temperament, of courage, of caution, of grim resolution that refuses to be beaten, these are the things that make the golfer, and which have got to be fostered if we are to hold our own in international matches, not a race of low handicaps.

Yours ever,
Eleanor E. Helme.

Ambassadorial

Three Decorations of the Corps Diplomatique

Rolf Mahrenholz, Berlin

Princess Otto von Bismarck

The lovely Princess Otto von Bismarck is the reigning beauty of the Corps Diplomatique in London. Her husband has been Secretary to the German Embassy since 1928, before which he was a soldier, a landowner, a member of the Reichstag. Princess Von Bismarck was Fräulein Ann Mari Tengbom, of Stockholm, before her marriage in 1928; she has a son and a daughter

Elwin Neame

Donna Genoveva Ulrich

Donna Genoveva Ulrich is the good-looking wife of the Portuguese Ambassador in London, Senhor Ulrich, who succeeded General Tomaz Rosado, K.C.M.G., last year. The photograph of Donna Ulrich was taken at the Portuguese Embassy in Gloucester Place

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Mrs. Crawshay

The Hon. Mrs. Crawshay is the only daughter of Lord Tyrrell, until recently British Ambassador in Paris. Her husband, Capt. Jack Crawshay, is attached to the British Embassy, Paris, where Mrs. Crawshay, as the Hon. Anne Tyrrell, and then as Mrs. Adrian Holman, was hostess for her father from 1928 onwards. Her second marriage took place not long ago

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Edward Shanks's Best Novel

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. EDWARD SHANKS'S new book, *Tom Tiddler's Ground* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is immeasurably the finest novel he has yet written. He always had it in him to write like a poet, and like a word-painter. Now he has taken a great stride past even those rare accomplishments, and produced a deep and sensitive knowledge of the human heart. His minor characters, as all Mr. Shanks's minor characters have always been, are neat, ironic little etchings. But this time his major characters are painted with a great broad brush and they are living souls against his ever-changing, brilliant backgrounds. Once I embarked on this story of a few years in the life of Tom Florey, I was whirled forward by the overwhelming desire to know what happened to him next, until I found myself on page 556 and the story was finished. That could never happen in a story about puppets, however skilfully they were dandled on their strings. Tom Florey was the freak of a humble family in a decaying tin-village of Cornwall. A discerning schoolmaster encouraged him and found him a job in a family in Germany. From that moment Tom's life began, and he expanded like a flower. He met great men, he fell in love, he drank at the local inn with Siegmund, the gay and witty son of the family, and he was finally sent back to England for casually seducing—or rather, being seduced by—the beautiful secretary. Then came political work in London, and then the war. Rejected as medically unfit, Tom went into Whitehall, and Mr. Shanks is always at his satirical best in his descriptions of how the bureaucrats set about winning the war, with their incredible stupidities and obstructionism. Tom rose quickly, both departmentally and socially. Then his best friend was killed, and a year later he married the beautiful fiancée of his best friend. The war went on and on, but at last, like the weariest river, it wound safely to the Armistice and Tom left the Ministry for a fat commercial job. But he had drifted apart from his beautiful wife, and the double-whisky habit grew stronger and stronger, and his health, never strong, collapsed suddenly, and he lost his fat commercial job. So he crept back to his German friends, where once he had been in love, years ago, and there he died.

Tom Tiddler's Ground is a tragedy on the high Greek scale. The little mortals struggle and toil and love and hate, but the Fates are always playing with colossal forces against which the midgets are helpless. A moving and powerful tale.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN has retold the hundred-times retold epic of the fall of Khartoum in Peter Davies's five-shilling series of "Great Occasions." But though the tale has been so often written, nevertheless in *Gordon of Khartoum* Mr. Buchan manages to infuse some new quality by means of his own skilful powers of dramatic fiction. I do not mean by that that his story is unhistorical. On the contrary, it is carefully documented. But he has written the history in an exciting way. He takes sides, of course. In such a controversial episode it would be superhuman not to. Gladstone is his villain, Gordon and Cromer his heroes. One rather extraordinary incident is hinted at, which I have never heard suggested before. In the final desperate rush to relieve the city, Mr. Buchan suggests that the vital flotilla was deliberately held up for two-and-a-half days by Lord Charles Beresford, so that he might have time to recover from illness and take part in the relief. Two-and-a-half days is sixty hours. The relief was exactly sixty hours late.

Edward Shanks

Poet and novelist, whose new book, "Tom Tiddler's Ground," is reviewed on this page. Earlier novels were "Queer Street" and "The Enchanted Village," the latter being published earlier this year

"THE ARCADIANS" is a slender volume, but it is well worth the six shillings which the Golden Shield Press are asking for it. Miss Mary Landon Baker is the authoress and she has a very pleasant touch in satire. It may be argued, of course, that few communities have ever laid themselves out to be quite such an easy target as the post-war Bright Ones. They asked for satire, and they got it, good and plenty. Miss Baker may be written off by some people as having missed the boat. To a certain extent that is true. But she has such a very felicitous touch, and her sense of humour is so neat, that I think there is still room for *The Arcadians* as an almost contemporary document. It is, naturally, all about nothing, the trivial lives and loves of very trivial people. They chatter in London and in the country, and at the Lido. Mr. Noel Coward used to play with these puppets years ago, and it was of them that somebody marvelled that anyone should find it a matter of importance which puppet slept with which. Their real idea of supreme wit is to ring up strangers and insult them.

"There's a Mary Lamb in the Directory," announced Daphne provocatively, and this was more than they could resist. A young man rings up Mary Lamb. "Are you a Black Sheep? Have you any wool?" Everyone shrieked with joy.

That is the sort of people that Miss Baker shoots her dainty arrows at.

MR. GRAHAM GREENE is the editor of a collection of seventeen essays by various people called *The Old School* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), each one about a different school. Thus Mr. Harold Nicholson writes on Wellington, Miss Theodora Benson on Cheltenham Ladies' College, Mr. L. P. Hartley on Harrow, Mr. Walter Greenwood on a Salford Council School, and so on. It is an interesting idea, but the execution is not so good. On the whole, the essays of the ladies are very much the best of the bunch. The gentlemen are often so very querulous and harp so much on corporal punishment and have so little to say, except what is destructive, that they tend to monotony. The editor himself sets the tone in a foreword. "There can be small doubt that the system which this book mainly represents is doomed," he says; and again, "The public school, as it exists to-day, will disappear."

It is perfectly true that there is much in the system which is bad, and probably even more which is simply rather comic. But a strong case can be spoiled if no credit at all is given to the other side of the story. The public school has, during the last hundred years or so, made a definite contribution to the affairs of the British Empire, and it is absurd to ignore it.

A FORTNIGHT ago I reviewed Mr. Francis Gerard's book about Carthage, *The Scarlet Beast* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson) and called it for some reason *The Red Beast* throughout my review. I hasten to apologise to everyone concerned for the mistake.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

assembled by

JEAN

BURNUP

Photograph taken on the roof of Grosvenor House by John Everard

WORTH SPORT PARIS was formed a little while ago to give women something new in sports clothes, clothes that were useful and comfortable, yet had that French something.

The idea was to distribute, through very special retailers, models suitable for each country. It proved so successful over here that another company has been born, Worth Sport England. They have just shown an interesting collection of their models, made over here by British workers, using, in many cases, British materials, but still retaining that French something.

The girl with the hat wears a trim suit in a lovely shade of blue-green, made in one of their new knitted fabrics, which cling like ivy, but never, never sag. The back of the coat is banded like a Norfolk jacket. There are four good and decorative pockets, and careful pleats front and back of the skirt.

The other suit is more sensational. The skirt can look like a skirt, or it can look like trousers. Underneath a clever wrap-over, back and front, there are long shorts. Look again at the roomy pockets merging into the belt. Brown tweed.

Both suits can be obtained at Worth, of Regent Street.

White For Nights . . .

SOMETHING exquisite in white satin, the front one flowing unbroken line from throat to floor.

The back tells a different story. The bodice is a low V. The skirt suddenly bunches out stiffly under many gathers at the waist, and swirls around to the right side.

Augustabernard

THIS dress, in white Cavalcade crêpe, is called "First Night." The garland of real carnations and fantastic Paisley patterned velvet gloves give it a gala look.

Without them, it is equally attractive, with its high, tight Empire waist and ruched and pouched, below-the-shoulder sleeves.

Annette Simpson

Sasha

BOND STREET AND ROUNDABOUT

By Jean Burnup

Loose sports coat, beaver trimmed with flat collar to allow big hat. Patch pockets

I'M cheating. I haven't been near Bond Street this week, nor round about.

I've been collecting secrets instead, and as they are the sort of secrets told me to be told, here they are; missing verbs, because I've so much to say.

By the time this appears in print, the Paris Collections — important enough to merit a capital C—will be on, and we shall soon know definitely what is going to be what. In the meantime, here is some indication of what you will wear this Autumn and winter.

Colours first. Green will be important, varying from a not too dark bottle- to moss-green, toad- or frog-green. Happy to say there will be lots of blue-greens; happy because it is my favourite colour, and I can never see too much of it.

There will be bordeaux burgundy and whortleberry. And if you have brown eyes, or brown hair, or brown suits you anyway, pick your shades from dark brown, marron, chestnut, and earth brown.

Lots of black, on which you will wear, to advantage, gold jewellery. A warm shade of brick, very deep apricot, and the dark reds which reappear each autumn. Beige and yellows will combine with some of the dark colours. Also prunelle, raisin, sable and some deep, emotional blues.

It is better, of course, to wear colours you have made particularly your own, or those especially becoming to you.

But now that beauty people supply charts giving you the right make-up combination to wear with any colour, you can wear any colour and look as if it was made for you. Lots of things make life simpler to-day.

DID you know how Schiaperelli gets many of her staggering new materials? She goes along, looks at the results of the maker's experiments, murmurs "Very nice; but can I see some of the things you've thrown away?"

She looks at the discards, something clicks in her mind, she suggests this and that, and a fascinating new fabric is launched.

Apart from Schiaperelli, all the autumn and winter materials are going to be exciting.

There are reversible angoras in two colours, one side rabbit brown, the other apple green . . . tiny steel beads woven in even lines into a fine woollen . . . a black tweed with rough cellophane lines on it looking like jet . . . rough squares of cellophane on a Patou woollen . . . a mixture of wool and silk with a velvety finish in wriggly lines . . . jersey materials woven with elastic threads which make them bubbly . . . a black woollen is lined with little knots of silk . . . many mottled materials have little coloured knots or hairy bits woven haphazard into the fabric . . . there is an uncrushable velvet with a very short pile and a dull finish, which looks as if it had been pin-pricked all over . . . diagonal and straight lines of long, fluffy velvet pile brushing one way, woven upon a fine lamé foundation . . . woollen velvets and ribbed duveteens will be used for winter coats . . . some of the velvets have a tweedy air . . . plain silks are supple and rough-surfaced . . . taffeta goes on triumphantly from the summer, printed with rather blurry designs . . . cellophane lines sewn down on a taffeta foundation with fine lamé thread . . . some taffetas are lined with long dots like architects' plans . . . heavy crêpe satin reverses to show a faille back . . . Marcel Rochas will use a black-and-white tie silk printed in straight lines and

Plain black woollen suit, tricot jumper, with flaps buttoning through on to three-quarter coat; high neck, bell sleeves

Directoire hat in black velvet

triangles . . . lamés are soft as silk and mimic woollen and silk fabrics in weave . . . lamé will be all over the place for evening gowns, blouses, trimmings and even hats . . . no flowered or flamboyant designs, some look like tweed. . . .

SPORTS clothes will be slightly shorter; other skirt lengths much the same. Sports coats will be trimmed with patch pockets, and flat furs like beaver and seal. No belts on the straighter models. Designers cannot forget three-quarter coats. They are going to show plenty, and others which do not quite reach skirt length.

Fuller, looser, more feminine lines will characterise coat tops. Some winter coats will have flat collars.

Informal evening gown in velvet with a diagonal self-stripe

A pleasant fashion continues, lamé and velvet jumpers to be worn with ankle-length velvet skirts.

Molyneux will show long, tight-fitting sleeves which continue into gloves, a lovely line from shoulder to finger-tips. They are slit at the wrist for when you want to use your hands.

Not many low decollétages to evening gowns. Plenty of flowing sleeves and high neck-lines. There will be waist sashes, or unbelted dresses in one long line.

Many hats still perch forward over the eyes, but some turn up in front and down behind. Tricornes, of course, everywhere, some flat like berets, with stiff lace veils, cavalier shapes, and panne velvets for evenings.

It really looks as if our clothes are going to praise us this winter.

Triple Mirror

Reflecting Three Stage Faces

Eugene Delarova

Eugene Delarova is one of the beauties of Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes. In private life she is Mme. Massine, wife of the brilliant Léonide Massine, officially the maître de ballet and collaborateur artistique, and unofficially the choreographer and dancer whose talent is near genius. The ballet season at Covent Garden, which is concluded this week, has been an enormous success, avd for hundreds of its enthusiasts has been brought to an end several weeks too soon

Laura La Plante

The famous American film star makes her first appearance on the London stage in "Admirals All," the new comedy by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall, which opened at the Shaftesbury last night. Laura La Plante plays the part of a film star who is captured by Chinese pirates and rescued by the British Navy. Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather are some of her rescuers

Greta Nissen

Left: a new portrait of Greta Nissen, film and musical-comedy star, who has been appearing with Nelson Keys in "Why Not To-night?" the revue at the Palace which is just ending its run. Greta Nissen came over to England last year to appear in "Red Wagon," the film version of Lady Eleanor Smith's novel

Photographs by Sasha

The Champagne of Cricket

By "Finger-Spin"

THERE were two matches recently played which are worthy of note: the fourth Test Match, at Leeds, and the Gentlemen v. Players, at Lord's. The Australians have generally been regarded as unlucky, in that rain washed out the game for good and all when they were in a definitely winning position, but there are some who believe that they themselves lost their chance of putting paid to the account before the rain came. Certainly, had Woodfull declared his innings closed some time before luncheon, when wickets were falling and no runs of any particular value were being made, his bowlers on the Tuesday would perhaps only have had one or two wickets to finish off in the hour and a-half which they had for play. Anyway, that does not really matter very much more than any of the other silly, academic discussions you hear during a Test Match. What does matter is that Bowes bowled really splendidly on the Monday morning, but that for this terrific struggle at the Oval we will have to have some new men. If only Larwood would come back, bringing with him Voce and Will Allen, fit again and in his best form, what a team we would have! It is generally hinted that the Australians are to be favourites for the match at the Oval on the 18th, but if we had these men back, then I, for one, would put all I could spare on England.

AND so back, at hideous inconvenience, from Leeds to Lord's, and what did we see? For my part, I have never been privileged to see more distinguished cricket than when Wyatt and Walters won the game for the Gentlemen. The first two days of the game had told us nothing beyond the fact that this was a very friendly affair, with everyone making jokes to each other on the field and neither side looking like establishing a winning position. I always think, on these occasions, in pity for those men of a violent mind who, at this time of year, strop their pencils to write of the "snobbery" of the Gentlemen and Players being known by such an antiquated title, and of the sinfulness of the amateurs in allowing the professionals to come out of a different dressing-room, not only on this occasion but in County matches. The answer to the whole thing is: does a professional want to share a dressing-room with the amateur members of his side? Is he himself not a little jealous of his own seclusion, in which he can receive his friends, and play his game of cards with them on a rainy day? I know of no team in which amateurs and professionals are not the very best of friends—comrades in the highest sense of the word—but the last thing the professional wants to do is to be cooped up with the amateurs all the time. He is a servant of the club, and as such behaves with the highest tradition of his trade.

THOSE who talk and write of the ill-treatment of the professional cricketer fail so obviously to understand the spirit of the game. If it was Wyatt and Walters who took the eye and held the mind during those precious two hours at Lord's on the Friday evening—hours which I shall treasure, and think of every time I enter the ground—it was the Players' captain, that noble little Hendren, and his team who made it possible for the game to be fought out on such a high level. Hendren, when he declared his side's innings closed, left the Gentlemen ten minutes under the two hours to score 232 runs to win. That was indeed a brave gesture, but he, too, knew well enough that he had the bowlers who might get the Gentlemen out on the last day of a Lord's wicket. Ever since the days when he first played for Middlesex—and I remember then how keen he always was to come out to substitute on the least provocation—Hendren has set an example to amateurs and professionals, cricketers of all classes and ability, of how the game should be played. Incidentally, it is interesting to know that this pitch was the identical one on which the Australians made their huge score in the second Test Match of 1930. The Gentlemen at once explained that it was their intention to go for the runs, but mere wild slogging would never have achieved their object, for the bowling of the Professionals remained good until the very end. Nichols worked himself to a standstill; Smith, at one time, actually bowled a couple of maidens to these fast-scoring batsmen, and Verity naturally put the brake on a little.

THE bowlers were supported, too, by some magnificent and tireless fielding, and if there is a better or keener all-round fieldsman in the country than Mitchell, of Yorkshire, I have yet to see him. He is built on different lines to Emmott Robinson, but he has all that little demon's pounce and energy, which makes Yorkshire's out-cricket in itself a pleasure to watch. The straight driving of Walters was absolutely superb, made without any fuss, with perfection of balance and the ball stinging up against the sight-screen or the pavilion rails. Wyatt, too, drove well, but it was his hooking, grand, full-blooded bangs, which whizzed off to the boundary, which was the real feature of his innings. Their running between the wickets, and their perfect calm, when they must have sensed that they were perpetrating a deed which was making the ground ring with joy and old men in the pavilion weep was good to see. Wyatt stayed on after Walters, but all was not over before Valentine hit a ball half-way up the pavilion, to testify what sort of a match this was, and what sort of men were playing in it.

Sir Waldron Smithers and the Earl of Dalkeith going out to bat for Lords and Commons. The match against the M.C.C. was played at Lord's, and was won by the M.C.C.

M.C.C. v. Lords and Commons

Above: Lord Dunglass and P. Munro going out to open the innings for Lords and Commons in the match against M.C.C. The former was hit on the hand by a ball and had to retire for an X-ray examination

The One-Armed Amateur Championship at the Wilderness, Sevenoaks

V. S. Thornton (Prestatyn), President of the One-Armed Golfing Society, who was beaten in the second round, and Archibald Pollock

M. R. Saunders and G. Jackson, the winners of the long-driving competition. This was the second annual tournament held by the Society

W. R. Thomson (Eastwood), holder of the Championship, and F. Thurby Turpin (Porter's Park). Thomson reached the semi-final

A Scheme to Limit the Open Championship

By F. G. L. Fairlie

I HAVE had a most interesting conversation with a very well-known golfer who, before the war, regularly represented his country in international matches. He also has, on two occasions, finished first amateur in the Open Championship, and he holds more than one of the various medals which go to the last four in the Amateur Championship.

I tell you all this in order to impress upon you that his views are the views of a talented exponent of golf, matured now by experience. Our conversation, as you may have guessed, was on the subject of my recent article with regard to the limitation of entries for the Open Championship. My friend started off by expressing his complete agreement with me on the point which I had raised, which was that the Open Championship is most certainly *not* the professionals' championship; it is a championship open to any golfer, whether amateur or professional. He then went on to tell me that in the many Open Championships in which he had competed he had never been beaten by the man with whom he had been drawn to play. This, I am afraid, is of little use to my argument, in so far as he was most certainly one of the leading exponents of amateur golf in this country, and it is not with these tigers that we are concerned. On the other hand, it is an interesting sidelight on the whole question, for he is by no means unique in this experience; to many other amateurs the same has occurred, and these men cannot be considered to be of the same class as my friend. This only goes to prove that the good-class amateur golfer, a man who might be considered round about scratch, is as good as many, if not the majority of professional golfers *off their own course.*

THE real point, however, on which my friend was in complete agreement with me was the question of limitation. He confirmed me in my opinion that to have the ideal Open Championship is to have a Championship which is absolutely open to everybody who wields a golf club, but he also agreed with me that this was an ideal which could not be put into practice, because of the immense numbers who would immediately flock to the event. He then suggested a method of limitation with which, on the surface, I am inclined to agree.

He suggested that the Open Championship entry should be limited to a hundred players before these players ever reached the Championship course concerned. This was to be done by the nomination of sixty players who would automatically be entitled to compete, twenty amongst whom would be amateurs nominated before the Championship on their performances in the past twelve months by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club each year; thirty to be nominated by the professional Golfers Association, equally on their performances in the past twelve months. He suggested that the numbers of professionals to amateurs among the nominated players should be in this ratio because that probably fairly represented the number of first-class players in each category. The remaining ten places in the nominated list were to be reserved for overseas players, applications for the exempted list to be received by the Royal and Ancient in time to make these nominations possible. For the remaining forty places he suggested that there should be a qualifying competition over thirty-six holes some little time before the Championship itself, and on the most convenient links for all concerned, but not necessarily the links over which the Championship was to be played. All those who were not on the nominated list and who wished to play in the Championship proper could then compete in this qualifying event, and the best forty and all ties for the fortieth place to be allowed to compete in the actual Championship.

THE more I think of this idea the more I like it, for it does away with the possibility of omitting players who ought to compete, and it gives all those who are not on the nominated list a perfectly good chance of playing in the Championship if they are good enough in the qualifying. It also does away with the full week's expenses so frequently necessary for those who compete in the Championship at the moment, although this is perhaps not such a very important point in view of the fact that the amateurs are presumably competing for their own pleasure and therefore can afford to do so, and that the professionals have come to regard the Open Championship (quite wrongly, I may say) as their own week's competitive golfing holiday in the year, and definitely budget for it. The scheme also has the advantage of making every round played in the Open Championship a round which counts in the final result, a point that is apparently exercising the minds of many, not only among those who compete but among those who merely watch with interest.

I have often heard people go so far as to say that they consider that the full six rounds which are at the present moment played in Championship week should count for the Championship itself. The answer to this, of course, is that four rounds are quite enough to find the worthy winner and that any addition to this number makes the event a marathon, where physical fitness will count perhaps more than skill in golf.

At any rate, there is the scheme, and although it sounds, perhaps, a little far-fetched at first, I do think that it is worthy of serious consideration on the part of those who control our game, if any change at all is contemplated. It should not, after all, be very difficult for the Royal and Ancient to nominate twenty leading amateurs of the year from their records of the past twelve months without causing any undue hardship to anybody, for the whole point is that if any amateur is not in the twenty nominated he has the chance of proving that he should have been by qualifying and then beating the nominated players in the Open Championship itself. Similarly, it should not be difficult for the Professional Golfers' Association to nominate their thirty leading players on the results of the twelve previous months, for there again those who were not nominated have a chance of proving the P.G.A. wrong. But there is no doubt that any man who thinks he ought to have been nominated and who cannot qualify in the first forty *when the leading sixty players of the country are not playing,* has no grouse at all for being excluded from the Championship.

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CVS—503

The Meek-and-Mild Motorist

By The Earl of Cardigan

Above: Gene Sarazen, the well-known American golfer, photographed outside Grosvenor House with a Ford "V-8" Victoria Coupé

Right: Sir Crawford McCullagh, Lord Mayor of Belfast, taking over his new Alvis Sixteen from Mr. Norman Hanna, of Messrs. John Hanna, who handle the distribution of Alvis cars in Northern Ireland

It has been laid down that the meek shall inherit the earth; but it seems dubious, to say the least, whether the implied precept can be profitably followed by the private motorist. I have just witnessed a display of meekness on the road, and it struck me that the only part of the earth likely to be inherited by the motorist involved was some section of a wayside ditch!

The incident took place on the Bath Road, where a lorry had drawn up, blocking nearly half of the available road space. This lorry was on the left-hand side, facing towards Bath, and a small car was approaching, driven by the meek one at a cautious pace, in the direction of London.

The villain of the peace was a second lorry, also heading towards Bath. The small car obviously had the right of way, but the driver of this second lorry, unwilling to pull up, deliberately forced his way past the stationary vehicle.

For a moment, it looked as if there was going to be a head-on crash between the thrusting lorry and the unfortunate small car. At the last moment, however, the small-car driver availed himself of the one means of escape which was open to him, and swung two wheels of his car over the kerb on to a convenient strip of pavement. The threatened smash was averted, and, after a few yards, he was able to regain the road.

"Now," I thought to myself, as I observed all this, "let us see what Mr. Private Motorist will do about it." I expected to witness a display of indignation, a taking of the offender's number; perhaps even the lodging of a complaint with the local police. I was profoundly disappointed, as may be imagined, when I saw that no action of this or any other sort was contemplated.

On the contrary, this Apostle of Meekness in the small car merely drove on, with only a faint expression of sadness on his face to testify of his feelings. He did not so much as turn his head. Perhaps he was more than ever determined to keep his eyes glued strictly to the road ahead!

Personally, although it was really no business of mine, I determined to make at least some move in the matter. I overtook the offending lorry, carried on until I met the next A.A. man, and asked the latter to stop and caution the driver. I gave the lorry's number, and a brief résumé of the facts. I also left a message, which no doubt was duly delivered, that, had it been I who had been forced on to the pavement, the offender would infallibly have had to appear before the local magistrates—quite possibly with expensive results!

All this may seem very trivial; but a point arises which is not unimportant. Was I right or was the inoffensive small-car driver right in the view which we took of this occurrence? In other words, when a gross case of road-hog-ism crops up, what is the correct course to adopt? Should one smile sadly and pass on, or should one set on foot some sort of retribution?

My own view is that the meek-and-mild motorist, although quite possibly benefiting his own immortal soul by his forbearance, is doing a disservice to the motoring community at large. The road-hog who pushes Jones off the road to-day will almost certainly, if unchecked, push Smith off the road to-morrow. If Jones has had the opportunity to discourage this practice, and has failed to do anything about it, he will indirectly be responsible for Smith's misfortunes.

As I see it, there is no question of vindictiveness entering into the matter. If one instigates a prosecution against an obvious road-hog, one does not do so for the pleasure of seeing a five-pound note extracted from him by the magistrates, or in order to feel that one's private wrongs are avenged. One does so in order that motorists in general (and, of course, oneself in particular) may be protected against a repetition of the offence.

Incidentally, an occasional prosecution inaugurated by an ordinary motorist may serve a very useful purpose, by enabling the police and magistrates to realise that not all road-users are hostile to the enforcement of the law. It has, up to date, never been sufficiently well recognised that the road-hog is as much hated by the average, common-sense owner-driver as by any of the authorities themselves.

It must not for one moment be supposed that I advocate a wholesale chivvying of motorists by motorists. That would very soon lead to chaos, apart from the amount of time, money and trouble that would be expended. It is only in the rare, very glaring cases that I consider such action to be justified. It is essential, for one thing, that the facts of the case should be definite and incontrovertible, so that the road-hoggishness of the offender can be proved up to the hilt.

Personally, in ten years of driving, I have only once gone so far as to have another motorist prosecuted; but I have several times threatened to do so, and have thus created a certain amount of alarm and despondency in quarters where something of the sort was obviously badly needed.

In a sense, of course, one is bound to feel sympathetically disposed towards the easy-going motorist who accepts being pushed off the road as "all part of the day's work." He is, no doubt, a thoroughly good sort, who drives sanely enough himself, and cultivates a broad tolerance towards the bad manners and stupidity of others. None the less, he is condoning something that he well knows to be wrong, and which he can never, in this wicked world, counteract by the force of example alone.

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A Title at Stake at Liverpool

Sir Thomas White, Lord Lonsdale, counting points on his fingers, and Major Bennet at the ringside watching Nel Tarleton regain the British Feather-weight title in beating Tommy Watson after a magnificent contest which went the full course of 15 rounds

Aeroplanes as Aids to Yachting

Dr. Warren, Miss Gipson, Mr. Lees, and Miss Lees at the new landing-ground for aeroplanes at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Burnham-on-Crouch, opened by the Duchess of Bedford, who arrived there by air

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

Left: F. W. Berridge, winner of the one-armed Open Amateur Golf Championship, held at the Wilderness Country Club, Sevenoaks; and above: two of the competitors, Lt.-Col. J. W. Balfour Paul, D.S.O., and Capt. C. Bagnell

THE kaleidoscope of sport does, for the most part, give us a variety of rich colours and noble forms—lazy pictures of sun-soaked cricket grounds at summer's high noon or the pulse-quickening sight of a Scottish pack in full cry; but, every now and again, we get a different sort of vision, one which leaves us puzzled—yes, and a little ashamed.

I AM moved to write thus because of certain incidents which have come to my notice as I have been travelling the sport-ways these last few days. Straightway I think of John Berry Hobbs, that very good servant of England and Surrey cricket: for Hobbs, in what can be regarded as his last season in the first-class ranks, would seem to be thwarted of his final ambition.

Up to now, 197 centuries have flowed from Hobbs's bat. Three more, and the double-century in hundreds would be reached by the Surrey master. What an achievement—the final bright jewel to the collection of gems in this great cricketer's treasure-chest! Who among us would not be wishing and willing Hobbs on to those three centuries were he to be regularly in the field this season? Not one, I dare say, for Hobbs, like Dr. Grace in his day, stands for England cricket.

Everywhere you can sense the affection in which Hobbs is held. Why, Thomas Moult, that very graceful poet and sports writer, tells me that when Hobbs came back to the pavilion at Old Trafford last May, the hard-bitten and usually undemonstrative Lancashire crowd softly sang "Auld Lang Syne."

BUT perhaps we are too sentimental; perhaps we should see things from the Surrey angle: for, up at the Oval, they have, it seems, seen the waning of Hobbs's glory. At any rate, Surrey officials have not seen fit to select Hobbs for a County game since the middle of June. Maybe it is the inexorable law of sport that youth must be given first place—and let sentiment go hang; but, whatever the cause, Hobbs seems to be finished with Surrey cricket for good.

And so those two hundred centuries look very remote just now. Hobbs is very philosophical about it all—that is the manner of the man—yet I know how keen he has been to finish off his career in this final blaze of glory. One would have thought that Surrey had such a proper pride in their very faithful servant that every facility would have been given him to put the coping-stone on his career. It would have been a very gracious act. . . . As it is, it is not yet too late for Surrey to make the gesture.

FROM Hobbs, who must have brought many thousands of pounds through the Kennington Oval turnstiles, thoughts turn to the former money-spinners of Wimbledon. There was W. T. Tilden, "Big Bill" of the cannon-ball service and the dynamic temperament. And, too, there was Henri Cochet, one of those gallant "Musketeers" who put France right on the tennis map in the not-so-long-ago. The cash values of Tilden and Cochet were immense—do you remember those breathless duels between the pair, and how we used to roll up at Wimbledon to see them in action?

But that was yesterday, and to-day things are very much altered. Accordingly, we see that Cochet is calmly told that he can get into Wimbledon to see the Davis Cup challenge round *via the pay-box*, while Tilden watched the matches sitting way back among the crowd. The reason? So far as I can make it out, Tilden and Cochet have had the door shut on them because they are now professionals. What rot it is!

Still, I suppose that way, deep down in all of us, is a streak of snobbishness. But, by jingo! one expects to see it kept down in sport, where the only superiority that counts—or should count—is that of eye, hand, and brain.

The Popular Swimming-Pool

A general view of the Empire Swimming-Pool at Wembley, which has been lately opened to the public and where artificial waves add to the attraction. It has already been well patronised

A Lawn Tennis Player's Hobby

Miss Joan Ridley, winner at the recent Frinton tournament, at her miniature farm in Ipswich, showing her prize terrier, "Timmy," the Challenge Cup she secured by winning the singles there

AFTER all this, let 's turn to more pleasing subjects, with " Bunny " Austin's splendid revival of form leading the way. As I told you a few weeks ago, Austin's little burst of petulance on the Centre Court when playing Shields for a place in the Wimbledon semi-finals was nothing but an attack of nerves. How justifiable was that statement was seen last week-end: Austin swept Shields right off the court in straight sets with a very different sort of game from that which he produced against the American in the Wimbledon championships.

It went to show, I think, how wonderful a lawn tennis player is Austin when he is unworried by the constant strain of intensive play. He had, I know, a jolly good rest after the Wimbledon fortnight, and came into his match with Shields full of fight and with his nervous energy conserved.

BY the way, Britain owes a debt of gratitude to Austin's wife—the very charming Phyllis Konstam—for she has made him a fifty per cent. better player than he was some years ago. No, I 'm not saying that she is the super-tennis coach (indeed, if memory does not serve me a trick, I

(*Continued on page* ii)

Great Britain Retains the Davis Cup

F. S. Perry, who beat S. B. Wood (U.S.A.) in five sets, and F. X. Shields (U.S.A.) in four, after playing a marathon last set

H. W. Austin, who displayed superb form in starting Great Britain on the road to victory when beating Shields, and also Wood

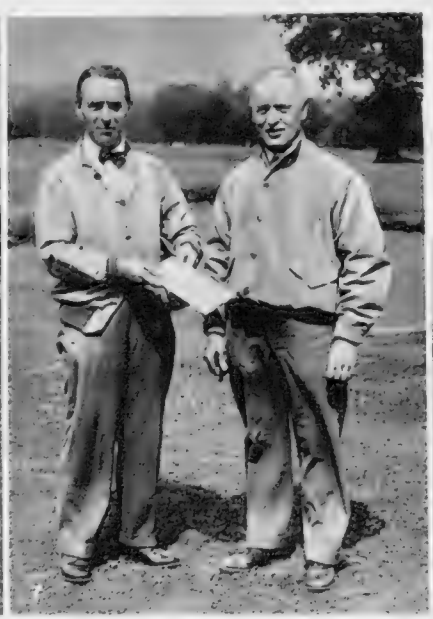
Swinging and Swimming

Miss Diana Plumpton, the well-known golfer, complete with clubs which she uses to practise swinging both before and after a bathe at Frinton

(1) F. W. Tipton (Captain), J. W. Greenshields (Secretary). (2) J. J. McConochie, H. Thom, and W. P. Barker (member of the Rules Committee, St. Andrews). (3) G. R. Jones and W. Ewart Price (member of Committee). (4) Wilfred Thorp and R. F. Williams (President). (5) A Kamester (oldest member), and J. Barclay Mitchell, standing. Seated: Andrew Muir and B. J. Munro (Chairman of the Trustees). (6) G. V. Carter and F. E. Sneath (members of the Committee). (7) Rowland Thomas, K.C. and Alderman W. P. Newman, J.P. (8) O. Patterson and Comdr. R. Willan and C. M. Buchan. (9) S. Tootill and E. Horner

Golf Clubs at Home

The "Bystander" at Hendon



The Editor's Box

A Guide to Cornwall

The attractions of Cornwall, it is well known, are legion, and to get the best out of a motoring tour of this charming county it is essential to carry a guide-book. Messrs. Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd. are to be congratulated upon the very excellent guide-book on Cornwall recently published by the Architectural Press, which includes a most comprehensive survey of this county, with maps, a series of views, places of interest, sport, etc., and at the price of 2s. 6d. it represents sound value. No motorist who intends "doing" Cornwall should be without this most useful book.

The Land of Burns

Other guide-books have also come to hand. The Land of Burns is dealt with in the eighth official guide issued by the Town Council of Dumfries, which contains something of interest for every visitor, whether chiefly concerned with sport, history, motoring, hiking, or all of these. The literary associations naturally receive detailed attention as well as the many beautiful and interesting places within easy reach of the Burgh, the attractions and conveniences for visitors, whether making a long or short stay. The guide has been brought thoroughly up to date with regard to its general information. There are 17 illustrations, a plan of the town and a map of the district, and the price is 6d.

South Wales for Holidays

Yet another guide-book deals with the not sufficiently known country embracing Swansea, Mumbles and the Gower Coast. The official album guide is issued by the Swansea Corporation Publicity Department to advertise the double appeal of the town as an important commercial centre and seaport, and as the gateway to one of the most delightful holiday districts in the Principality. Illustrated by a large number of views, many specially taken for this publication, and produced in a new and revised form with all essential figures and general information duly authenticated and brought thoroughly up-to-date, it contains a double-page map of Gowerland and a folding street-plan of the County Borough. Circulated by the Publicity Department and on sale to the general public at 1s.

Flowers and More Flowers

Although summer is still with us, the ardent horticulturist always looks ahead and will be now thinking of the garden display for next spring, when hyacinths, tulips, narcissi and daffodils—to name but a few of the flowers—will join in making a blaze of colour in the beds. All the latest varieties are fully described in "Bulbs, Lawns and Plants," as well as flowers and garden requisites of all kinds. It is published by Carter's Tested Seeds, Ltd., of Raynes Park, London, whose gardens and testing-grounds are always an object of interest to travellers on the main line of the Southern Railway.

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There is a 27 h.p. 7-passenger Limousine model (Long wheelbase) Price £550.

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Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued)*

remember seeing her play in the Beckenham tournament), but she has certainly gone a long way towards helping "Bunny" to master many of those little temperamental tricks of his on the court.

HOWEVER, to get back to the Davis Cup, whose destination for another twelve months we now know, let me say how struck I was, too, by a very sportsmanlike gesture by Fred Perry. It was in that slogging, toe-to-toe sort of affair with Sidney Wood. Our man had pipped the "enemy" on the post, if I may thoroughly mix my metaphors, and I expected to see him do his characteristic bound over the net to shake his beaten opponent's hand.

Indeed, Perry began a loping run up to the net to do a Borotra-like bound, when he realised just how badly Wood felt about his beating. Perry pulled himself up sharp, and very quietly and sympathetically walked to the net to give the American a handshake. Very charming, it was, to be sure, though I 'm afraid that in the general enthusiasm at the British victory very few of us noticed it.

AND now back to cricket for a paragraph or so. Right away, the fifth and final Test comes to mind, for we 've heard precious little from the so-called experts except dismal stories about England's chances at the Oval on August 18th. What jaundiced folk some of us are when we think of England's Test cricket: why, you 'd think our fellows had never yet won a "timeless" Test, when, all the time, we trounced the Australians 'way back in 1926. And honours are even!

Some of us have a notion that the Australians are so much better fitted by temperament to win these played-to-a-finish affairs. Not a bit of it! Believe me, there is only one way to win a cricket match, whether a one-day or a one-week battle, and that is for every man to play his natural game. Your Woodfull will be solid and slow any day of the week—it is his natural game; he can't help it. And your Walter Hammond, who, I am convinced, will yet find his real Test form, is pretty nearly always bound to play free cricket. Make your Hammond put the brake on and you 'll soon see his wicket tumbling; but let him go in and take a crack at the bowling in his natural style and he 'll possibly hit up a brace of hundreds.

The Fight for the Davis Cup Tournament

H. G. N. Lee took the place of F. J. Perry in the Challenge Round Doubles match for the Davis Cup when the challengers were the U.S.A. He made an admirable substitute and the English players only lost in the fourth set by 7—9. The picture above shows G. N. Lott and L. R. Stoefen, the U.S.A. pair, coming on to court with H. G. N. Lee and G. P. Hughes

JUST dour plodding will not win a timeless match. So England looks to have an even-money chance at the Oval, and this despite the calamitous happenings at Leeds, where the cream of our batsmen were—well, just whipped cream! A statistical friend has been at work with a vengeance just lately and has now triumphantly produced these figures to show just how well we stand in the present Test series: so far, Ponsford, Bradman, Woodfull, Brown, McCabe, Chipperfield, and Oldfield have scored between them 1760 runs in the four Tests. Against this, Walters, Sutcliffe, Hendren, Leyland, Wyatt, Hammond and Ames have hit up 1651 runs in the same number of innings as the Australians mentioned. Which isn't too bad, is it?

JUST one other thing comes to mind when talking of the final Test. It is that the Oval may not be such a happy hunting-ground for Grimmett and O'Reilly.

It 's the speed specialist who is going to take wickets at the Oval, I think, when the Test is on. And Australia only has Wall to deliver the goods in this direction—and Wall is not so impressive as he was four years ago—while we have big Bill Bowes as our trump-card—and a really great trump-card he looks likely to be at that.

The "Bystander" GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (1934—16th Year)

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th, and 14th. No Qualifying Round.

Open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 11th, 1934.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Monday, August 27th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below, and will be repeated in all numbers till August 21st.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th, and 14th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 14th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 10th, and their mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 18s. per day.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch.

FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 12s. per day, or 10s. 6d. without lunch.

Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship, 16th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1934

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Monday, August 27th.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No......

Date and year of birth.....Club, if any.....

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH SALAD.—Hilda Trevelyan as the mother of a family hit by the slump, Leonora Corbett as her daughter-in-law, Vera Lennox, Ellen Pollock, A. R. Whatmore, and Aubrey Dexter as some more of the family: Westminster, 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Wyndham's, 8.40. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée (Jill Esmond); Lewis Casson admirable as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen ffrangcon-Davies is charmingly wayward, but without fire, as Mary; Laurence Olivier too good-looking for the rough Bothwell, Glyn Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Anna Burden), who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ONE OF THOSE THINGS.—A parody revue, led by Ivy Tresmand: Fortune, 8.45.

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Royalty, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—A light musical play, with Viola Tree, Rita Page, Reginald Purdell, Kenneth Kove, and some more: Saville, 8.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new, all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Hermione Baddeley, and the Diamond Brothers are the highlights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura La Plante, as a film-star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy; Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES.—Mystery indeed. Conjuring up memories of one's youth, though an entertainment for young and old: Little, twice daily, 2.30 and 8.15.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Clair Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES DE MONTE CARLO.—All last year's favourites, with four new ballets as well, danced by Riabouchinska, Danilova, Baronova, Massine, Woizikovsky, and the rest; the L.P.O. plays, conducted by Kurtz and Dorati: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

A CUP OF KINDNESS.—The Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce filmed, and GREEN EYES: New Gallery.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.: Tivoli.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT.—The Claudette Colbert-Clark Gable success still entertains royally: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LIEBELEI.—A German film, featuring Magda Schneider, and 90% SOUTH: Academy.

LILIES OF THE FIELD.—A comedy in which Winifred Shotter, Ellis Jeffreys and Anthony Bushell take the leading part: Leicester Square Theatre.

LE MILLION.—A revival of this famous film: Curzon.

MURDER ON THE RUNAWAY TRAIN.—The film's contribution to the vogue of the thriller. Charles Ruggles, Mary Carlisle and Una Merkel help to provide the thrills, and WARM LONDON, with an English cast including Edmund Gwenn, John Loder and Leonora Corbett.

PLUNDER.—A revival in which Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn appear, and ROME EXPRESS, another revival with Conrad Veidt, Esther Ralston, Hugh Williams and Gordon Harker: Capitol.

QUEEN CHRISTINA.—Greta Garbo as the Swedish Queen; also James Cagney in JIMMY THE GENT: Dominion.

SHE LOVES ME NOT.—An excellent farce, with Miriam Hopkins as Curley Flagg, the cabaret girl, and Bing Crosby to croon and croon: Carlton.

STAND UP AND CHEER.—With Warner Baxter, Madge Evans and John Boles in the cast: Regal.

THANK YOUR STARS.—Light comedy, featuring Jack Oakie, Dorothy Bell, and Alison Skipworth: Plaza.

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

August 11th: Mixed programme, including Franck's Symphonic Variations, Holst's Planets, Strauss' Till Eulenspiegel.

August 13th: Wagner Concert.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Walsh and Baker, entertainers at the piano; Reginald Foresythe and his band play: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band plays, and there 's always a good cabaret.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner, or supper: extension night, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls dance, with Sunny O'Dea and Marguerite and Leroy as stars; Jack Jackson's band plays. One can dine outside on the terrace: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Syd Lipton's band: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng is again in residence every midnight; Jock Harris and Lew Stone play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—Fernande Saala, the Casino de Paris soubrette, is here; Van Straten plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

Out of London

ACE OF SPADES, Kingston By-Pass.—Swimming all night; dancing till 3 a.m. to Percy Chandler's band; cabaret on Saturday.

ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—The new large swimming-pool is now open; restaurant.

ANGMERING COURT CLUB, Sussex.—Sea-bathing, golf, riding, tennis, and dancing at week-ends; excellent food; one can stay at the Club.

ANNE BOLEYN, on the left, over the bridge at Staines.—The restaurant is in a delightful old-world house; the swimming-bath is fitted with up-to-date filtration.

BELL HOUSE, Beaconsfield.—Swimming, sun-bathing, and dancing in the pleasant restaurant. Licensed till 11.30 p.m. on week-days.

CHATEAU BLEU CLUB, Maidenhead.—Swimming in the pool; boatin' on the river; tennis; dancing every evening.

DOWNS HOTEL, Hassocks, Sussex.—A place to stay as well as drop in; Sussex Downs scenery. There 's a Restorium with artificial sunlight treatment to supplement heat-waves.

EMPIRE POOL, Wembley Stadium.—England's first "waving-bath," where one can swim and dive daily from 7 a.m. to midnight for 1s.—except August 4th to 10th, when the Empire Games take place.

GAY ADVENTURE, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

HAUTBOY HOTEL, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming.

HIND'S HEAD, Bray-on-Thames.—The food and wine are unique—a gourmet's dream—and "mine host," Barry Neame, has an eye on all the comforts of his guests.

HOWARD PARK, Aston Clinton, Bucks.—The old home of the Rothschilds: swimming, dancing on Saturday, riding, tennis, special arrangements for guests arriving by aeroplane.

HUNGARIA RIVER CLUB, Maidenhead.—Swimming and sun-bathing; dancing; Douglas Byng and the Western Brothers will be appearing in the cabaret.

MARTIN'S SWIMMING POOLS, Wokingham.—A most attractive place to swim, which is slightly more expensive (2s. 6d.) on Sundays, from 3 p.m. Light refreshments.

MOORLANDS HOTEL, Hindhead.—Good food and service in peaceful surroundings; lovely position and wonderful air; no dancing or swimming.

SHOW BOAT, Maidenhead.—Swimming; dancing to Jack Allan's Band from Great Fosters. Special attractions on Saturdays.

SPINNING WHEEL, and ST. CROSS HOTEL, Hoddesdon, Herts.—Beautiful grounds; the food is good; swimming, and the pool has specially filtered water.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

TIDWORTH TATTOO: Salisbury Plain, to August 11.

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: to August 11.

ROYAL ACADEMY: Burlington House.

NETHERLANDS EXHIBITION: Dorland Hall, to August 10.

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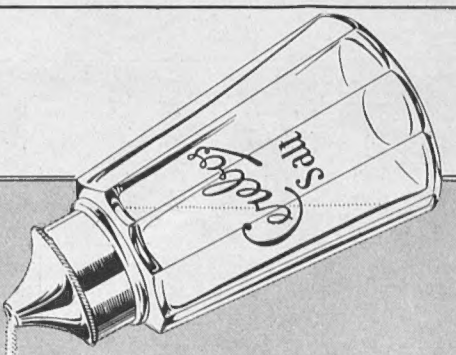

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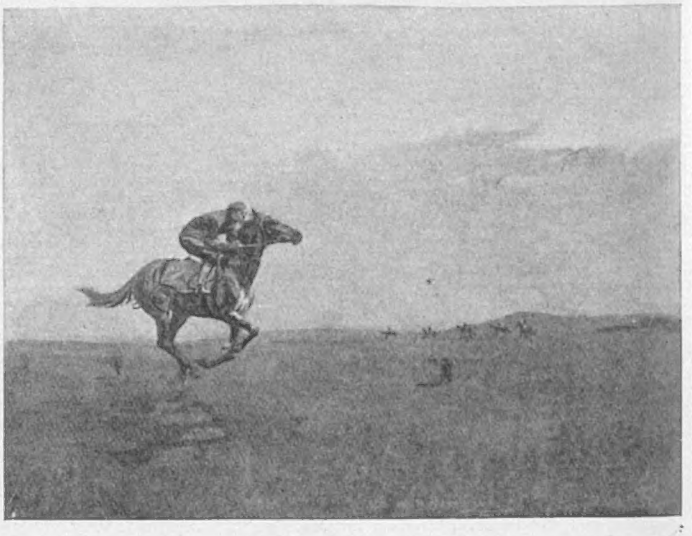

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